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SUNDOUR

FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

DO YOU REMEMBER these beautiful furnishing fabrics before the war? Well, here they are again. Fabrics and nets for every purpose, in splendid designs—ranging from old-world flowered chintzes and damasks to the best in contemporary style. Bold colours or subtle colours to match your most personal schemes for interior decoration.

And not only have we made Sundour Fabrics lovely to look at, they stay lovely, too, however hard the wear or strong the sun.

Sundour Fabrics are made in Carlisle, England. They were the first fast-colour fabrics ever produced — after years of research and experiment — and they're still the finest. Good stores everywhere stock them.

GUARANTEED UNFADABLE

MORTON SUNDOUR FABRICS LTD CARLISLE ENGLAND

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Barbara Hale as she co-stars with James Stewart in 20th Century Fox's production, "The Jackpot."



You, too, can be Lux lovely

The radiant Lux complexion that glorifies nine out of every ten film stars can be yours too. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly — try a Lux beauty facial tonight. You'll find that soon your skin will be softer, smoother, perfumed with an irresistible clinging fragrance.



"I'm a Lux Girl!"

says BARBARA HALE

Beautiful Barbara Hale has a fresh, rosy complexion that is typical of all Lux Girls. Enhanced by her sparkling eyes and a flashing smile, Barbara's complexion is always intriguingly lovely, particularly in close-ups.

"Naturally I'm a Lux Girl," says Barbara. "It's wonderful the way active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap leave skin softer, smoother, really make skin lovelier. It feels like smoothing beauty in. Take my advice and try this wonderful skin beauty care. It's quick and easy—but it really works."



HOLLYWOOD FASHION NOTE

Barbara Hale introduces the dramatic sunburst yoke. Rays of velvet fan out from the tiny peaked collar of Barbara's classic linen pleat-dress. The jet black velvet contrasts vividly with her glowing complexion — a complexion that only Lux Toilet Soap can give.

BARBARA HALE'S BEAUTY BATH

"The big new *bath size* Lux Toilet Soap is so luxurious — I love this handsome larger cake. My daily Lux Soap beauty bath *makes me sure of skin that's sweet.* The creamy active lather swiftly carries away dust and dirt — leaves skin fresh, really sweet. There's appeal in skin that's fragrant, sweet. A Lux Soap beauty bath gives you a quick pick-up, leaves you refreshed."



BARBARA HALE'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL



Barbara Hale is right when she says a Lux Toilet Soap facial gives you new beauty — so quickly. First smooth the active-lather well in . . .

Such rich, abundant lather even in the hardest water! Now rinse with plenty of warm water — a quick dash of cold. Skin feels smoother already!

After you pat your face with a soft towel look in your mirror. Your skin feels so much smoother now — it's exquisitely fresh, appealing.

LUX GIRLS ARE LOVELIER

9 out of every 10 Film Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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Say 'Hello to Summer' in a

Cole OF CALIFORNIA

Get ready to greet the coming summer season . . . in one of the glamorous new COLE OF CALIFORNIA creations that are now on display at leading stores all over town! Designed by world-famous Margit Fellegi in America, they include the loveliest swim suits and sun frocks you have ever seen . . . with their pretty petal tops . . . their glorious up-swept bras . . . their lovely long-stemmed silhouettes! All made up by COLE OF CALIFORNIA in a rocket range of sun-drenched spots, stripes and florals as well as plain fabrics! All skilfully Matletexed to make you proud of your figure!

Illustrated above is Style 16, a stunning Cole creation with up-swept bra and smart contrasting panels to dramatise the new long-stemmed look!

CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LTD.

C19-1750

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GRACE BROS

BROADWAY BONDI & PARRAMATTA

Washable and Wearable FROCK

Combinations of Perfection

MAIL ORDERS AVAILABLE





Styled in Smaller and Larger Fittings Some to X.O.S.

ME1.—A lovely quality ENGLISH FLORAL JERSEY is introduced into this delightfully styled frock to ensure character of pattern. Note the smart neck and shoulder lines; seams are overlocked for a perfect finish. Assorted colours on white grounds.

Sizes: SSW, SW, W, **69/11**
SOS, OS, **75/6**

ME2.—"ANGLAISE JERSEY," the newest fabric in the high-grade SUPER KOOL range, and it washes. Fashioned into a garment so becoming and easy to wear that it is essential to your summer planning. Unpressed pleats to W, stitched-in pleats over W fittings. Delightful pastel shades of Blue, Green, Lemon, Rose.

Sizes: SSW, SW, W, **65/3**
XW, OS, XOS, **71/6**

ME3.—"SPUN DELIGHT," by DACCA, the GUARANTEED cloth with a famous background. And this is entirely new, as it is a gay border on a Tussore coloured ground. The simplicity of this garment makes it suitable for all sizes. Seams are overlocked. Assorted colours.

Sizes: SSW, SW, W, **34/11**
SOS, OS, XOS, **39/11**

MF4.—What a perfect combination. A SPOTTED BORDERED HAIRCORD SUN FROCK. So distinctive and full of character and still so wearable. Frock is designed with elasticised shoulder straps. If worn completely strapless, perfect fitting is maintained as the underarm is also elasticised. Inside seams are all overlocked. Colour combinations: Burgundy/Maize/Grey (as illustrated), Mid Blue/Rose/Black, Navy/Aqua/Soft Blue, Grey/Cherry/White.

Sizes: SSW, SW, W, **34/11**

MF5.—Lovely "ORCHID DESIGN" SPUN DELIGHT by DACCA. Fashioned into a truly charming and practical Sun Frock and Bolero combination. This garment is especially designed to carry through to the OS fittings. Style features of note are smart pockets, waist-length bolero which makes a definite frock of garment, reasonably wide shoulder straps which ensure good fitting for all sizes. Available in lovely pastel grounds of Green (as illustrated), Grey, Blue, Maize. Seams overlocked.

Sizes: SSW, SW, W, **43/11**
SOS, OS, **47/11**

GUIDE TO— POSTAGE, EXTRA	N.S.W.	QLD. VIC. TAS.	S.A. W.A. N.T.
VALUE 60/- AND OVER	1/-	2/3	3/9
VALUE UNDER 60/-	3/3	5/8	8/-

Box, 6d. extra . . .

The postal rates shown above fluctuate with any change in postal charges.

GRACE BROS
Pty. Ltd. Sydney
P.O. Box 42 Broadway

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You can be *proud* of this man!

Eight million of us are proud to call ourselves Australians. But how many of us are *active* Australians, serving our country's interests as well as our own? How many are prepared to give up some of our leisure to do a job that is part of our *active* citizenship?

Men who wear the uniform of the Citizen Military Forces are in the front rank of Australia's active citizens. They are training in part of their spare time to be efficient soldiers, capable of defending themselves and their country.

Australia asks only a very small part of a man's leisure — a fortnight in a training camp each year, and the equivalent of 12 days' home training, mostly in night parades. Employers generally give special leave for the camp period in addition to normal holidays and make up the difference in pay where necessary.

Men who enlist now in the C.M.F. will be trained soldiers, instead of raw recruits, if war should come. From their ranks will come Australia's future Officers and N.C.O.'s. The training they receive now may one day help to save their lives.

Women often have the final say in a man's decisions. A word of encouragement from you will help your man to become an active Australian.

You can be proud of a man who is ready to defend you!

Issued by the Director-General of Recruiting.

WM26.146.61

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Dear Miss Jones

By Lyn Arnold





PUBLIC LIBRARY
8 AUG 1951
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Jonathan advertised for an experienced secretary, and then found himself embarked on an involved but very interesting correspondence course for inexperienced employers.

WANTED: Secretary to author. Must show adaptability and drive, ability to deal with correspondence, callers, etc., on own initiative, willingness to work irregular hours, and a real interest in the job. Experience in similar fields essential. Write, stating age and qualifications, Box XYZ.

7 Hawthorn Drive,
Richmond.
Friday, January 13.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your advertisement:

I am nineteen and a half years old, full of adaptability and drive, ability to deal with correspondence, callers, etc., on own initiative, and willingness to work irregular hours (within reason).

In fact, the only qualification mentioned by you that I do not have is "experience in similar fields," as I have spent the past three years acting first as junior typist and then as secretary to Mr. Claud Meeks, of Meeks, Meeks, and Sanborn, Solicitors.

If, as I anticipate, this letter of application does not lead to an interview, I should be much obliged if you would be so good as to send me, in the enclosed stamped addressed envelope, your answer to a question which has puzzled me:

How are the inexperienced expected to get experience if nobody will give them a job without it?

Yours faithfully,
Sandra Jones.

2a Kings Mews,
Chelsea.
Monday, January 16.

Dear Madam,

I am a very busy man. I do not propose to make myself even busier by wrestling with your entirely personal problems; I am a writer of thrillers, not an Ask-Aunt-Agatha column.

I am, however, interviewing prospective employees between the hours of 3.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. on Monday next, and, if you care to attend, will endeavor to give you a few hints.

Yours faithfully,
Jonathan Mortimer.

Richmond, January 17.

Dear Sir,

As I have nothing much else to do on Monday next between the hours of 4.45, when Mr. Claud Meeks leaves to catch his train for the country, and 6.45, when I have a date, I will look in on you to acquire some experience of authors, also collect the few hints. Just how many prospective employees do you expect to interview? Haven't you heard of the shortage of secretaries?

Yours faithfully,
Sandra Jones.

Chelsea, January 18.

Dear Madam,

Do not bother to wear a white carnation in your buttonhole. I shall, I am sure, be able to distinguish between the other secretaries and you.

Yours faithfully,
Jonathan Mortimer.

Chelsea, January 24.

Dear Miss Jones,

Further to our conversation of yesterday's date: I am now happy to offer you the post as secretary. Since we did not discuss matters fully, perhaps you would telephone to settle details of salary, etc.?

Yours truly,
Jonathan Mortimer.

Richmond, January 25.

Dear Mr. Mortimer,

Thank you for your letter and offer; also the brief experience of authors. On the whole, I now think I will stay with Mr. Meeks.

Because what you need is not a secretary at all, but a cook, housekeeper, cleaner—what I believe is called a factotum and wet-nurse combined.

If you hope to engage a secretary such as the blonde supercilious one I saw walking out with her nose in the air (were there some others, by the way?), why not get rid of the beer bottles in your fireplace, the sardine tins on your mantelpiece, the cigarette ends in your inkwell, and some of the paper on your floor?

It appears to me that you have had little or no experience of being an employer, and I should be very much interested to know how you propose to acquire this.

Yours truly,
Sandra Jones.

Chelsea, January 28.

Dear Miss Jones,

Perhaps you have something there. One good turn, however, deserving another, I wonder if you would give me the pleasure of having dinner with me, say on Wednesday or Thursday of next week, when perhaps you in your turn would give me a few hints?

Yours,
Jonathan Mortimer.

Richmond, January 30.

Dear Mr. Mortimer,

I am a very busy woman. The excessively regular hours worked by the firm of Meeks, Meeks, and Sanborn, Solicitors, make it possible for their employees to plan ahead a modicum of social life. I regret, therefore, that I am engaged on both the days you mention.

I shall not, however, be meeting Mr. Roger Meeks, our junior partner, with whom I am dining on the Thursday, until 7.30, so if you would care to meet me for a pre-dinner drink I will do my best.

Yours sincerely,
Sandra Jones.

Chelsea, Thursday evening.

Dear Miss Jones,

I do hope that Mr. Roger Meeks was not too much enraged at being kept waiting. You should have let me meet him to explain the situation fully. It was most good of you to spend so much time elucidating method, system, etc.; also describing to me in great detail your idea of the perfect employer.

As (it appears from my afternoon post) I am being provided with a secretary on Monday next by Mrs. Copson's Business Supply Bureau, I hesitate to ask; but I wonder whether you could spare time over the week-end to give me further hints?

Yours,
Jonathan Mortimer.

Richmond, February 3.

Dear Mr. Mortimer,

That will hardly be necessary. Mrs. Copson's Young Ladies are well known for speed, efficiency, drive, own initiative, etc.; also for their very clearly defined views on the rights and duties of secretaries. Yours, I am sure, will be quite able to acquaint you most adequately with the basic principles of office routine.

With every good wish for the success of your undertaking.

Yours sincerely,
Sandra Jones.

Please turn to page 8



ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

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Why **TRUDGE**
back and forth . . . back and forth
to clean your carpets?



Over the same places two and three times—but ordinary cleaners just CAN'T get out the deep-down dirt.



One effortless glide with a Hoover and the job is done. Your carpet is clean right down to the roots.

The
HOOVER
CLEANS YOUR CARPETS
IN A THIRD OF THE TIME!

Because it BEATS...
...as it sweeps
...as it cleans!

Out-of-date cleaners leave you tired by mid-day. Why put up with one, when a modern Hoover does your cleaning in a third of the time . . . with a third of the work ? Instead of merely sucking up surface dust, the Hoover gently *beats* out the gritty dirt and sweeps up fluff and clinging threads as well.



PRICE
£28.7.0
(cleaning tools £5.12.0 extra)



Look at the PLUS that Hoover gives you!

1. **Exclusive Positive Agitator** to dislodge the scissor-sharp grit which cuts carpet pile.
2. **Broad Dirt Finder** to throw light into dark corners.
3. **Dustproof Bag** so easy to empty, your hands need never touch dirt.
4. **Handy Cleaning Tools** save stooping and stretching for all above-the-floor cleaning.
5. **Three Models to Choose From,** each designed and priced for a different need.

COMPLETE COUPON AND LEARN MORE ABOUT IT

Free! *Housework made easy*

I would like to know more about the Hoover plan for easier living. Please send me details of the 3 Hoover cleaners, without obligation.

Post to Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3761, G.P.O., Sydney, in unsealed envelope bearing 2½d. stamp.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

8/8/51. HC.4.WW142g

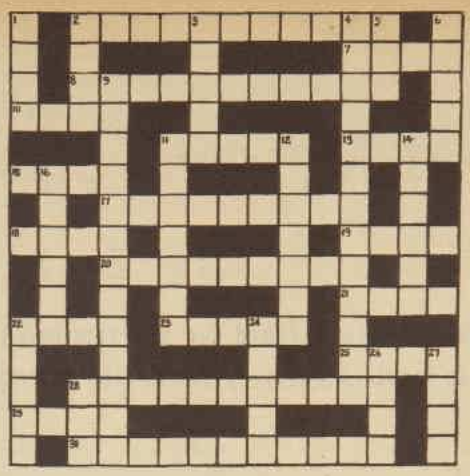
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

2. Not quite the last female swan and you before lit mixed mate. (11)
7. Inner bone of the forearm. (4)
8. There were sixteen of them; the great one introduced a mode of chanting and the thirteenth one a calendar. (4, 7)
10. Ale is one and stout is another. (4)
11. Vehicle in a steamship on healed wounds. (5)
12. For one occasion only on this French. (4)
15. Island in Netherlands India. (4)
17. Lost in ego. (Anagr. 9)
18. Notion of I and a Latin goddess. (4)
19. Good for fishing but left in golf. (4)
20. Phar Lap was a famous one. (9)
21. Bet of three which can be used for rent. (4)
23. Munich is on this river. (4)
24. Land owner in Scotland. (5)
25. Mend a mild imprecation. (4)
28. Room attached to a heavenly body was a court abolished in 1640. (4, 7)
29. Stare in a page. (4)
30. I stump no ass. (Anagr. 11)

L	O	A	V	E	S	A	N	D	F	I	S	H	E	S
■	■	R	L	M	■	■	R	■	O	■	A	■	■	■
V	I	S	I	B	L	E	■	T	R	A	N	S	I	T
I	■	E	A	N	■	R	■	N	■	T	■	E	■	■
R	I	N	G	■	A	D	M	I	T	■	M	I	N	D
T	■	I	■	T	E	■	P	■	O	L	■	■	■	■
U	■	C	R	E	E	D	■	E	X	P	R	E	S	S
A	■	M	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	■
E	L	I	M	E	P	I	T	■	M	U	R	A	L	■
■	■	E	■	D	■	E	■	O	■	A	■	O	■	I
C	O	D	E	■	C	A	D	R	E	■	D	G	R	E
A	■	I	■	S	■	C	■	D	■	E	■	I	■	N
U	N	C	O	U	T	H	■	A	P	R	I	C	O	T
M	■	A	■	R	■	■	N	■	S	■	A	■	■	■
D	O	L	T	F	R	O	M	T	H	E	B	L	U	E

Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Seize the King and sailor. (4)
2. May contain water, gas, sound, or tobacco. (4)
3. Rough mass of wood I see in the science of reasoning. (5)
4. The trend of fortune changes or the sea is moving. (4, 2, 3, 4)
5. Cathedral city on the river Ouse. (3)
6. Graduate the act of taking a dip. (5)
9. Drars noisy rat contains normal tariff charges. (8, 5)
11. Indifferent to pleasure or pain, being a good follower of Zeno. (7)
13. Roused starting with a saint and ending with a communist. (7)
14. The simple ones are red, blue, and yellow. (6)
16. Poisonous snakes a mixture of sad and red. (6)
22. Picture showing that I'm a generation. (5)
24. Produce responsive effect about thing done. (5)
26. Certain branches of learning turn to heavenly body. (4)
27. Famous "beau" of Bath. (4)
28. Bookie a watering place. (3)

Dear Miss Jones

Continued from page 7

Chelsea.
Monday afternoon.

Dear Miss Jones,
I feared some exaggeration in your unstinting praise of Mrs. Copson's Young Ladies. Not so. Order appears from chaos, and work goes with a will. My secretary is quiet, calm, low-voiced, gentle, respectful, naturally silver-blonde, and in general promises flawless perfection. This I put down in no small part to the system which, based on your helpful advice, I right away imposed to my very great advantage.

Please let us meet—any evening this week that would suit you—so that I may say "thank you" properly.

Yours,
Jonathan Mortimer.

P.S.—Do you like to dance?

Richmond.
Tuesday, February 7.

Dear Mr. Mortimer,
I love to dance. I am dancing with Mr. Roger Meeks on Wednesday and Friday of this week, on Saturday I am dining with him, and on Thursday it it necessary for me to plan an evening at home. I must, therefore, decline your very kind invitation.

Yours sincerely,
Mary Jones.

P.S.—How do you know your secretary's hair is naturally silver-blonde?

Chelsea,
Wednesday, February 8.

Dear Miss Jones,
I am one of those simple souls who believe a woman's hair natural until it is proved otherwise, and hope as much can be said for Mr. Roger Meeks. I quite see an evening at home will be necessary for you to recuperate after so much of his company.

I, on the other hand, freed of unnecessary tasks by the speed, efficiency, and intuitive understanding of my secretary, feel in the mood for relaxation; could we dance one night, perhaps, the following week?

Yours,
Jonathan Mortimer.

Richmond.
Thursday, February 9th.

Dear Mr. Mortimer,
As your secretary is so quick, efficient, intuitively understanding, and in general so flawlessly perfect, there is obviously no point in our further meetings.

Sincerely,
Mary Jones.

P.S.—Probably she loves to dance.

Chelsea,
Friday, February 10th.

Dear Miss Jones,
I do not inquire into the dancing habits or otherwise of my employees. This, I am sure you would be the first to agree, might undermine business routine. Please let me know when I may see you.

Yours,
Jonathan Mortimer.

Chelsea,
Monday, February 13th.

Dear Miss Jones,
In case you did not receive my previous communication, I will repeat its contents: When may I see you?

Jonathan Mortimer.

P.S.—Stamped, addressed envelope, for your reply, enclosed.

Richmond.
Tuesday, February 14th.

Dear Mr. Mortimer,
On account of the s.a.e., I reply to your letter, otherwise I would not. The reply to your letter is: This correspondence is now closed.

Yours,
Mary Jones.

P.S.—Tell your secretary I said so.

Chelsea,
Wednesday, February 15th.

Dear Mary Jones,
I cannot tell my secretary you said so. The fact of the matter is that after that first, fine, flawless Monday, Mrs. Copson's Young Lady did not show up again. Nobody likes to admit to the sack, least of all an employer. I put it off as long as was possible.

But now I am rung up all day long by publishers asking for copy, sardine tins pile up on the mantelpiece, and utter chaos reigns. Please at least meet me to help me draft some possibly humbler type of secretary-wanted advertisement.

Jonathan Mortimer.

P.S.—I shall be outside your office as from 4.30 p.m. tomorrow, and blow Mr. Roger Meeks!

Richmond.
Thursday midnight.

Dear Mr. Mortimer,
This is to confirm our conversation of to-day's date. I accept the post you offer me, on the terms stated, and conditions agreed. While aware of the magnitude of the task ahead of me, and cognisant of its serious responsibilities, I comfort myself with the thought that for this job at least no experience is considered essential.

Mary.

P.S.—Oh, darling, I will make you such a good wife!

(Copyright)

Night golf is new fad

AMERICANS are playing golf at night.

Players use full-blooded wood and iron shots on a floodlit layout only about one-tenth the size of a conventional golf course.

There are three courses—a short one (for duffers), a club course, and a championship course.

A player chooses his course, and if he drives the required distance moves to an adjacent tee, from which he chips to a shallow pool of water.

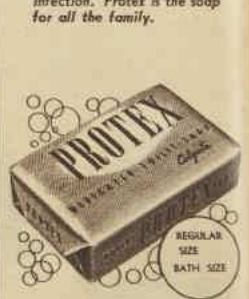
If his shot makes the pool, he moves to a nearby putting green, places his ball between markers, and tries to hole out.

The game is described in detail, with pictures and diagram, in A.M. for August.

Did you **PROTEX** *yourself this morning?*



Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Complexion Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection. Protex is the soap for all the family.



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Just Coincidence

A short story complete on this page by BRET MASON



It was awkward trying to phone with Claire and Spotty behind him.

THE dog was too large to be gracefully playful, and John regretted the pat almost immediately. His car had broken down, and he was late for the office.

". . . off!" he said, and emphasised his point by pushing the dog in the rump with his foot.

"How dare you!" said a voice next to him, and he turned to look at the reddest hair, the bluest eyes, the most desirable mouth and the angriest expression he had encountered in years. "How dare you kick my dog. You should be reported!"

"Look here," John said, "I happen to be in a hurry and he keeps getting in my way. All the same, I didn't kick him—I pushed him with my foot. I wouldn't kick a dog. I like dogs."

"So I gathered," she said, "from the term of endearment you used. I think you're a brute."

"A brute, am I?" He was really angry now. "You talk about reporting me—how about you? Do you realise it's absolute cruelty to bring a dog like that into the city without a leash?"

John glared at her and went on, "You've got no right to expose the animal to the risk of being run over. The right place for him is in the country, as far away from the city as possible. And I think you should go with him. Good morning."

He swung on his heel and moved off.

At the office the stenographer-cum-telephonist, Mary Carmody, looked at him with the pleased expression of one who has at last seen the biter bit. "My, but you're late this morning, Mr. Howard."

He ignored her, but she had more to say: "The new boss has arrived," she said.

He followed her gaze, and started violently when his eyes took in the large spotted dog lying on the floor.

"Oh!" he groaned. "Is it a her?"

"If you're referring to the dog," said Miss Carmody, "no. He's a he, but she's a she, if you get what I mean."

"Unfortunately, I do," he said, and squared his shoulders. He strode across to the door, knocked, and walked in.

Her expression as she saw him with a study. "You!" she said. "What are you doing here?"

He began to enjoy the situation. "I take it you are Miss Fencham? My name is John Howard."

She looked down at the papers in front of her, and he could have sworn he saw her lips twitch. Her voice, however, was very cool and businesslike.

"Sit down, Mr. Howard. My late father had a very favorable opinion of your ability, and my solicitors have assured me that you have carried on the business conscientiously and well since his death.

"But now I intend taking an interest in the affairs of the company. On the other hand, I don't want you to feel that your position has in any way altered, and I would like you to continue exactly as you have been doing."

"I will be very pleased to do so," he said gravely.

"Then I hope this will be the start of a very successful business association. You will note I said 'business,' Mr. Howard. I have no desire to extend our acquaintanceship into the social sphere or after office hours. My one experience of you has been enough. I think you're the rudest and most insufferable man I've ever met. Cruel to animals, too."

John turned to go back to his own room, but she called him back.

"There is just one matter, Mr. Howard," she said. "That Van Niekerk affair. My father's executor is very anxious to have the situation clarified at the earliest possible opportunity."

"I am attending to it this afternoon, Miss Fencham. I have an appointment with Dreyer, their solicitor, at two o'clock."

He had a snack at lunchtime and then walked to Dreyer's office. The solicitor's typist was contrite. "Mr. Dreyer is defending a case which is taking longer than expected. He wonders whether you would mind meeting him at the Magistrate's Court?"

He found the relevant courtroom without much difficulty and settled down to wait for Dreyer.

The accused was a wizened-looking man of about thirty-five, and the magistrate was in the process of summing-up.

Suddenly, from somewhere in the back of the court, a large cat emerged, leaped lazily to the rail of the dock.

From the lips and nostrils of the accused there emerged a peculiar sound, like the whinnying of an asthmatic horse.

The Bench was shocked. "Why do you laugh?" he asked sternly.

Dreyer jumped to his feet. "If it pleases your worship," he said, "my client suffers from a form of hay fever. He is allergic to animals."

"Was that a sneeze?" asked the magistrate, unbelievingly. "The orderly will remove that animal. This is a court of law, not a menagerie."

Later, on their way to the tearoom where they were going to discuss their business, Dreyer told John about his client. "Name's Livingstone," he said. "He's a burglar—a bad one—always getting arrested. But he's got good friends who provide him with an alibi every time."

Their discussions took longer than anticipated, and John did not go back to the office. To avoid the late afternoon rush he took a taxi to his flat.

There he changed into evening dress and then knocked at the next-door flat, where he sometimes used the phone.

Claire Fencham opened the door and he realised she must be the new tenant.

The unexpectedness of seeing her took his breath away.

"What now?" she said. "I thought the office closed at five-thirty."

"I—well—honest, Miss Fencham, I didn't know you lived here. I've got the flat next door. I came to ask if I could use your phone."

"I suppose you may. It's on the table."

She stood behind him, obviously waiting for him to telephone. Her dog, forepaws on a chair, lolled his tongue at him reproachfully.

He got his number. "Is that you, Margaret?" he asked. "I just wanted to get your new address. My car developed appendicitis, and I'm taking a taxi. Yes? Well, I hope she's good-looking. She is? Good!"

He replaced the receiver. "Many thanks," he said awkwardly.

Her face was red. "Just a moment," she said. "I couldn't help overhearing. That wasn't Margaret Brodie you were talking to?"

He looked at her for a moment, then he grinned. "So you're the girl?" he said.

"Yes," she answered. "But I don't understand. Surely she knows where you work . . ."

"But she doesn't," he interrupted. "You know Margaret—always so vague."

"I suppose so," she said.

"Look, Miss Fencham, you can't let Margaret down. I'm most awfully sorry for what happened this morning—really I am. Won't you give me another chance?"

"Under the circumstances," she said, "we'll exclude this evening from the general arrangement."

MARGARET BRODIE'S parties were always delightfully sophisticated affairs, and this one proved no exception. For both John and Claire the restraints imposed by the events of the day seemed to melt and disappear in the fund of humor and common interests they found they shared.

When they reached home, she opened the door of her flat. "Good-night—and thank you very much," she said. "It seems that apart from that one streak of cruelty you're not such a bad person after all."

He turned to his own door, quite unreasonably elated, but while he was still selecting the right key, she came out again.

"Spotty's gone," she said.

He walked past her into the flat, and then burst out laughing.

"What's the joke?" she asked.

"It's quite obvious you haven't spent much time in these flats. You carefully locked the front door and then left the kitchen window open."

"But he couldn't jump out there," she objected. "It's far too high."

"He didn't have to jump. That's where the fire-escape is. But don't worry. We'll find him in a few minutes. The escape leads into an enclosed yard."

They went down the stairs and let themselves out through the little door at the back. Out of the black there came a scuffling scrape, and then a long-drawn moaning hiss that made Claire's hair tingle. John bounded forward.

"Mr. Livingstone, I presume?" John said.

It was.

He lay on the ground next to a large suitcase, with Spotty cavorting playfully around.

"Take that brute away," he snuffled, "and I'll come quietly."

"Spotty's not a brute," said Claire indignantly. "He's never bitten anyone in his life."

"It's not his teeth he's afraid of," said Derek. "It's his hair. Our burglar friend has an allergy. I'll take him and this suitcase up to my flat. Will you go to yours and phone the police?"

Upstairs, John placed Livingstone in a chair where he could watch him, and opened the suitcase. It was filled with such a variety of miscellaneous articles that obviously more than one flat had been entered. In the collection were three handbags.

He pulled one out at random, and fished inside it looking for evidence of ownership. His hand emerged with a card, which had at one time evidently accompanied a gift. It read:

"This is a parting present from Bill and me. Write to us soon. Wouldn't it be funny if you fell in love with your manager? Here's hoping. Elsie."

Behind him, Claire's voice said, "Hullo. That's my bag." Then, as she caught sight of the card in his hand and the expression on his face, she colored to the roots of her hair. "Oh," she said.

He was looking at her hard. "I'm thinking about you and me. Meeting in the street first, then in the office, then in the same block of flats, then invited to the same party. By sheer chance I hear Livingstone sneeze in court this afternoon, and now he's here, too. And then I pick a handbag from the swag, and I find it's yours."

"What are you getting at?" she asked.

"Coincidences. It seems to me Fate has been working overtime today to bring us together. And now there's this card from your friend. I mean, when so many coincidences have already occurred, I can't be blamed for hoping just one more will happen, can I?"

"No, John," she said.

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The Shades will not Vanish

THIRD INSTALMENT OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

By Helen M. Fowler

WHEN PAUL QUENTIN, ex-Malaya prisoner-of-war, turns up unexpectedly one week-end at the home of his dead fellow-prisoner ADRIAN CARMICHAEL, he is in a highly nervous state, which Adrian's people attribute to his war suffering.

Their household comprises JAMES and MARY CARMICHAEL, Adrian's parents; MEGAN and HONOR, his sisters; and JOADY, the maid. ANTHEA, Adrian's widow, and her two small children live close by.

Paul quickly endears himself to the family, and various problems that have been worrying them seem to solve themselves under his influence. These include Megan's infatuation for married JULIAN KYLES and Anthea's agonising dilemma over a blackmail threat. The family little dream, however, that Paul's spasms of nervousness result from a delusion that Adrian asked him to do away with the children.

The delusion keeps fading, so in order to remind himself of his purpose in coming here he smashes the face of his wristlet watch, amazing Megan, who is with him at the time. When Honor, after a swim next morning, asks him about the smashed watch, he quietly refuses to explain.—NOW READ ON:

AFTER a pause, Honor said nonchalantly, "Have you ever loved anyone very much, Paul?"

He looked up at her as she sat there, clean-washed by cold water, exquisitely delicate, a purity in every line of her, every movement.

"Oh, I've had my moments," he said. "But no, I don't think I have properly—I've always been too busy; but if you stay like that much longer, you never know—"

"I shouldn't wonder," she said. "But save your enthusiasm—it'd be a shame to throw it away on me."

"What!" he exclaimed. "If I were suddenly to throw myself at your feet and vow I couldn't live without you, you would be unmoved?"

"Quite," she said, and as she turned to look down at him her eyes smiled softly. "You see — there's someone I like very much."

"Do you?" Paul's surprise came into his voice. "Who?"

"Someone called Hester Laing."

"Oh, I see." Paul rested back on his elbow.

"You don't at all." The sing-song voice was almost toneless. "You only think you do. You say, 'Oh, yes, an adolescent fancy; she'll get over it.' But it's not and I won't."

"All right," he said.

"But"—she turned wide, puzzled eyes upon him—"aren't you amused or amazed or anything?"

"Why on earth should I be?"

"Well, everybody always is. Don't you want to cure me of my silly emotionalism?"

"No, I don't."

"Why?" Her voice grew wistful.

"Because—well, that's all there is about it. Nice of you to tell me, but . . ."

"But what?"

"Look here," he said, pulling her down to his level on the rock, "one of these days you're going to love someone very fully and deeply, and this is just your way of beginning. You're an unusual creature and your ways of doing things will always be a little different from those of the ordinary people, but just go ahead as you are—you won't make any false moves."

He added, "If you weren't already so almighty arrogant and conceited about yourself, I wouldn't risk stuffing your head with such high notions, but you're so utterly ruined with self-worship . . ."

"Oh, Paul," and she jumped up and pulled him to his feet, "you're the most satisfactory person I've ever met; one day I shall probably marry you."

"And then pity help me," he said, as they began to climb up the rocks.

When they had mounted, she suddenly swung Zanthippe round and said, imploringly, not at all sure of herself for a moment: "Will you come and see her—to-day, some time? Hester, I mean."

"If you'd like it."

She turned the little mare back and set her at a gallop: in a moment the trees hid them from Paul's view, though he could hear Honor calling, "Yoicks! Yoicks, lass!" long after she was out of sight.

.

Megan's bed was made. She had just finished smoothing the far side of the counterpane when she had heard Paul going downstairs, and she had gone to the window on the landing and watched him and Honor ride away down the back road.

What a self-possessed creature Honor was! Megan would have liked to have gone, but she would never think of rousing a strange man from his bed and forcing him to accompany her like that; and yet nothing Honor did ever seemed out of place.

I'm an unremarkable person, she thought, compared with Honor; I look ordinary, earthy; I've none of that exquisiteness she possesses—no one would pick me out of any group I was in. Just completely ordinary—brown hair, brown eyes, complexion quite good, features just well-shaped.

Still, after all, certain remarkable things would happen to her. Not every girl, for instance, left her country at twenty on a travelling scholarship . . . suddenly she started at her own thought. She had made up her mind. Before she had fallen asleep last night she had tried to disentangle her feelings, but she had gone to sleep before anything was clear, but this morning it all seemed to be taken for granted; she knew that she would go to Oxford now.

She began to contemplate the work she would do; she must get some definite information about the curriculum and the methods of working at Oxford. There would be a thousand things to do before August, but old Professor Hemsley would help her.

Suddenly she realised that remarkable things had already begun to happen to her. Knowing Hemsley, winning her scholarship—these might be the beginning of other and more wonderful things. Her spirits lifted, and the realisation came to her of the richness of this stage of her life.

Mary Carmichael lay still, not wanting to wake James before it was necessary, for it was only a quarter-past six and James usually didn't stir until seven; she heard movements overhead, and then light footfalls running down the stairs. The girls were always up early.

She lay, not trying to organise her thoughts, letting half-remembered scenes and events race through her mind: I've a mother's memories, she thought; the mind of a woman who had not lived in the world as an individual.

After so many years of motherhood you weren't a separate, single person, she thought; you were extended, as it were, into other people, you projected yourself into them, so that you experienced something of their feelings as well as your own.

Possibly it was a bad thing; you ceased to be very important to yourself, you ceased to be a whole person, you were dispersed. Perhaps mothers of this generation, who continued with their professions, would escape this feeling of division.

Suddenly, though she knew it was too early, she sat up in bed and said, "Are you awake, James dear?"

James had been lying still for some time, anxious not to wake Mary until it was time; quietly, he had been exercising the fingers of his right hand, clenching his fist tightly, and then, slowly, one by one, forcing his fingers back until his hand was spread as widely as possible.

He felt excited as he lay there, a jumble of thoughts and plans and memories streaming through his mind. He wondered if anybody had ever known how much he had loved Adrian; he used to feel self-conscious about it when Adrian was a little chap, and he had always tried to conceal it.

He had been afraid, too, of its consequences for the boy, for everyone knew what happened to children with over-fond parents; they became little horrors, failures in later life, and their parents became objects of derision.

But he needn't have worried; the boy had been a perfectly normal boy, though in James' eyes he had always been nearly perfect.

Now, this morning, he felt again the delight which had always come to him when he was doing something for Adrian; he had felt it when he helped Adrian to mend his bike, or when he took him for a day's fishing, or, even earlier, when he had bought him a big, golden teddy-bear.

Now he was still able to help Adrian and Adrian's children—at least, he would be able to if he persevered steadily with these exercises. Just give him a month and he would be back at work.

And this boy—Paul. Adrian would be pleased if he could know that Paul had benefited at his father's hands. He would talk to Paul to-day, offer to teach him the business, then offer him a partnership perhaps. If only the lad's inclinations lay that way, it would be a happy arrangement for them all.

Excitement and joy overwhelmed him, and he was just about to risk exercising his leg when he heard Mary moving. And then she said, "Are you awake, James dear?"

Please turn to page 39

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH



"Alec! Standing there in the cold! Get back to bed at once," Mrs. Kyles screamed in horror.

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Lunch with a Lady

By Elizabeth Cadell

SEATED in the swaying tram, Roger Conquest took from his pocket his mother's letter and studied it with a scowl, which, in the opinion of the woman opposite, added the last touch of attractiveness to his handsome young countenance.

He hadn't the least desire to visit these strangers, he told himself angrily, but he need only see them once, after all — he would call, as his mother had asked, and there would be no need to repeat the visit.

It was a nuisance to have to go at all, but his mother seldom asked him anything, and he made a point of doing it if he could.

He re-read the letter and noted certain details: there was an old school friend of his mother's, a Mrs. Dane — a widow who had lived for many years in Switzerland.

She had recently come to London and had bought a house — a charming house, said Roger's mother, who had never seen it — in Chelsea. It had been decorated and Mrs. Dane had just moved in.

There were three daughters; two were married and the third, thought the writer, was still at school.

Folding the letter, Roger felt a certain relief. The two married daughters would be with their husbands; schools were still in session, so there would be no tiresome schoolgirl chatter to listen to.

He had merely to present himself to Mrs. Dane, give her his mother's love, say some polite things about the decorations — and withdraw. But it was a waste of a perfectly good afternoon.

A little later he made his way to a quiet road with a number of brightly painted front doors. He found to his surprise that Number Twenty-four, far from being painted, was devoid of any paint whatsoever. The decoration, he decided, must have been solely interior.

He walked up a narrow path and was about to press the bell when he found that the door was unlatched. Roger put his foot behind it and was about to ring when he saw that the bell was disconnected. He knocked, at first gently, then more loudly.

Raising his hand for what he intended to be a final assault, he paused: the door had opened and a tall, white-haired woman was looking at him in mild inquiry.

"Good afternoon," said Roger. "I'm looking for a Mrs. Dane."

"Won't you come in?" Her manner was kind, but vague. "I'm Mrs. Dane."

"How d'you do? You won't know me, I'm afraid, but my mother, Lady Conquest, asked me to come and call."

"You must be Roger," said Mrs. Dane. "How kind of you to come. We're not in yet, you know."

"Not in?"

"The house isn't ready — we're camping in it at the moment. Do come in and meet my daughters."

She led him through a hall littered with workmen's tools, and, opening a door, ushered Roger in. The polite sentences died on his lips as he stood looking about him.

He was in a large, beautifully proportioned room; the floor was bare and unpolished; and there was no furniture. Wooden boxes did service as table and chairs; cushions, with newspapers under them as protection, lay in heaps here and there.

In one corner a girl bent over a formidable array of paint and distemper tins, while on a ladder close by another was reaching up to put the finishing touches to a swallow she had painted on the wall.

Roger had just time to note that the wings were out of proportion when a rustle in a corner near the window attracted his attention. Carelessly, casually, without any kind of premonition, he turned — and froze where he stood.

A GIRL lay on a pile of cushions, reading. A magazine, open to its widest extent, entirely hid the upper part of her body; nothing of her was visible save a pair of the most beautiful legs Roger had ever seen in his life.

The legs were crossed; one foot rested on the floor and from the toes of the other dangled a small, high-heeled shoe. From the shoe, Roger's entranced gaze travelled upward to the slim ankle, the curve of nylon-encased calf, the perfect roundness of knee which disappeared beneath a brief skirt.

He had seen beautiful legs before, but he had never seen anything to equal the careless perfection of the pose, with the tantalising screen of magazine held in small white hands.

Making the strongest effort of his life, he turned back to his hostess and strove to concentrate on what she was saying.

"—and when I got the second hotel bill," went on Mrs. Dane's gentle voice, "I felt one couldn't go on and on paying those enormous sums, and I told the decorators that we must get into the house, even if it wasn't finished. So they gave us the bathroom and three rooms on the ground floor. All day long painters and plumbers and carpenters come in and out and drive us distrated. That's why I thought, at first, that your banging was just another workman."

Roger, looking at the three younger women, saw that they were obviously still laboring under that delusion.

"But you must meet my daughters," Mrs. Dane said. She looked up at the girl on the ladder. "Francesca, this is Roger Conquest."

Francesca leaned back slightly to view the swallow through half-closed eyes.

"Hm, mm," she said dreamily.

"I'm fine, thanks," said Roger.

"And this is Antonia," said her mother to the back view of Antonia bent over the paint pots. "Antonia, this is Roger Conquest."

"Mm, mm," said Antonia, without turning.

"Splendid, thanks," said Roger.

"Francesca's husband is in Malaya," said Mrs. Dane. "She's staying with me until he gets back. And Antonia's husband is in America — he hopes to be home again next month and then they're going to have the three rooms on the top floor. We hope that——"

She paused. Roger's eyes had returned to the legs and he appeared to be waiting.

"That's Camilla," she said. "She isn't such a lazy little thing as she looks — since she left school she's been busy with her dancing. It's the only thing she cares about. The other two have been quite a help to the workmen, but Camilla——"

Roger felt a brotherly sympathy for the workmen. Any man who could concentrate on his job with those twin distractions in view . . .

"Come and say how d'you do to Roger, Camilla," said Mrs. Dane.

"Mm," said Camilla, lowering the magazine slightly.

As he looked, the shoe fell off and Camilla's toes, groping, scooped it up again into mid-air.

Roger, opening his mouth to speak, was stopped by the sound of hammering directly overhead. The noise made Mrs. Dane wince; Francesca



Camilla lowered the magazine slightly. "Mm," she murmured.

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She was a dream-girl, but he wished she wasn't so dreamy

steadied her brush against the vibration. Antonia straightened and darted a malevolent glance upwards. Camilla alone was unmoved.

There was nothing to be said against the shattering uproar; there was nothing to be done. At the first pause in the banging Roger made his adieux.

"I'll come and see you when you're settled, if I may," he said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye — it was charming of you to call — any afternoon," said Mrs. Dane.

"Hm mm," said Francesca.

"Mm mm," said Antonia.

Roger turned and waited. Camilla twitched the shoe slightly. Beyond that she said nothing at all.

It was three weeks before Roger went back, and he went on a Sunday morning. The legs had remained with him, waking and sleeping, ever since he had seen them, but he was not a commercial artist for nothing.

He had painted them, and above them he had sketched the open magazine with its vivid illustration, held by the small white hands. Behind was Camilla, invisible, unknown, haunting. The Gossamer Stocking Company had offered him a substantial price for the picture, but Roger, to his own surprise, had refused it.

He found Number Twenty-four looking very different. The front door was the color of rich butter; it was open, and the hall was gay with rugs and flowers. The furniture, he saw, was in.

Nobody answered the bell, but there were sounds inside the house and Roger was not to be put off by the vagaries of a Francesca or Antonia. He wondered how their respective husbands had managed to break through that abstraction and make their proposals heard.

There was a whirring inside—perhaps a vacuum cleaner. Walking resolutely across the hall, Roger opened the door of the drawing-room and looked in.

The room was beautifully carpeted, beautifully furnished. It was empty—save for the slender figure of Camilla lying on a sofa near the window.

This time there was more of her visible; he could see her arms and her shoulders, but not her face, which was hidden by the book she was holding in one hand. The other hand waved a hair-drier in slow circles above her head.

"Hello," said Roger.

No answer. Roger crossed the room with long strides, put his hand over the book, lowered it firmly, and looked at a picture which he was to remember all his life.

Her hair was imprisoned by pins, pressed down by a net; her eyes were wide and surprised, intensely blue. She had a small nose and a soft, curved mouth. Unselfconscious, entirely without make-up, she looked an innocent and defenceless twelve-year-old.

They stared at each other. Roger opened his lips to say something and, remembering, put up a hand and turned off the switch of the drier. The whirring sank to an angry buzz and then stopped.

"Hello, Camilla," he said.

"You can't come in," said Camilla, "when I'm washing my hair."

"Certainly not— I wouldn't dream of it," said Roger, sitting beside her on the sofa. "Do you remember me?"

Camilla frowned with her mother's dreamy vagueness.

"You're Roger Conquest — you came when we hadn't got settled."

"Correct. Only—that time—you wouldn't speak to me."

"Me, you mean, or just Francesca and——"

"You, I mean. I've never seen a girl in curlers before. How old are you?"

Camilla appeared to be trying to remember.

"Eighteen. There's nobody in but me," she said, "and I can't talk to you while I'm drying my hair. Couldn't you come some other time?"

"Of course I could—I'd love to," said Roger. "Go on drying your hair — I'll watch you."

"Don't be silly."

Roger switched on the drier, and, taking it from her, moved it in steady movements round her head. She twisted round to look at him and he turned her head back again and went on with his task.

Presently he bent over, and, picking up her book, handed it to her. Over it he saw the pale blue of her house-coat and, beyond, the long and lovely legs . . .

"Ow!" winced Camilla. "You're burning my ear!"

Roger directed his attention to his task and for the next twenty minutes there was no sound but the soft whirring of the drier. At the end of the time, Roger, with the air of an expert, switched off, passed a hand over his client's hair, and nodded.

He removed the net, took out the pins, and stepped back to look at what he now regarded as his handiwork.

"Perfect," he said at last. "One of my best efforts. And now, what about lunch?"

"You can stay and have some," said Camilla. "There's a sort of sausage thing—I could cut that up."

"Some other time," said Roger hastily. "I have to keep up my strength. Why don't you come and have lunch with me?"

"But it's Sunday," objected Camilla, "and London's empty and everything's shut and——"

"London's nice and clean and private on Sundays, and all my favorite restaurants stay open especially for me," corrected Roger.

Camilla put on a black suit and black shoes and a tiny hat with a plume.

"Will I do?" she asked, reappearing.

Roger studied her. He had taken out scores of girls who looked almost like this . . . but not quite.

There were none with Camilla's small, delicate face and child-like look; none with Camilla's long, exquisite legs. The combination was piquant—and unique.

"Can you walk in those shoes?" he asked.

Camilla looked down at them and then up at him.

"You know—left, right, left, right —that sort of thing. Ever done it?"

"Well, not in London, much. Aren't there taxis and things?"

"Heaps—and we're walking," said Roger.

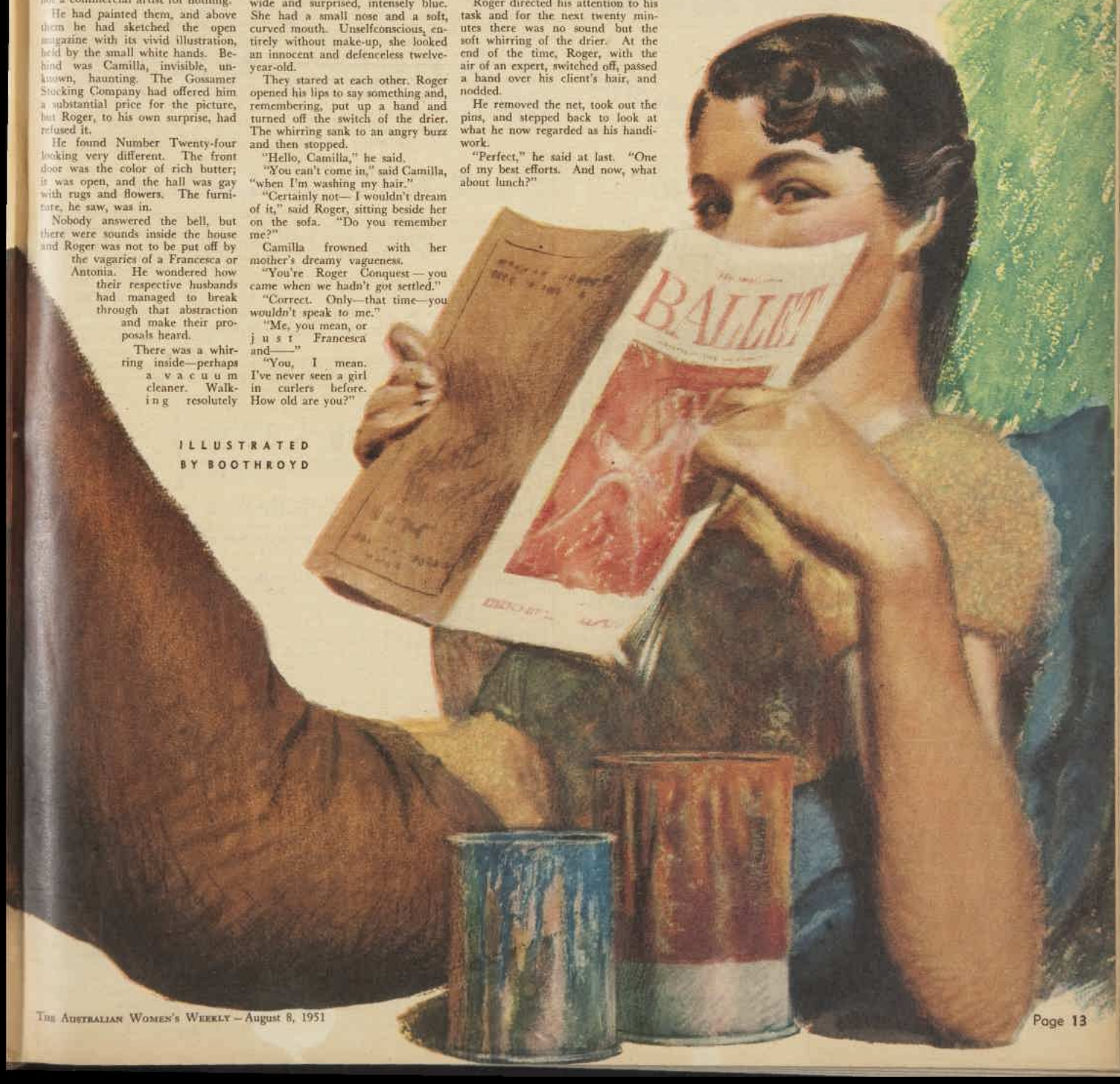
They walked, he shortening his strides to accommodate them to the tap-tap of her high heels. Roger talked and Camilla gave him her vague half attention. It was impossible to tell how much she really listened.

"My feet are tired," said Camilla, after a time.

"We're nearly there. Two—no, perhaps three minutes."

Please turn to page 39

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



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TEMPERATURE GOES DOWN

HEADACHES VANISH

SNEEZING STOPS

EYE SORENESS CEASES

Stop the SYMPTOMS by treating the CAUSE with . . .

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VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.), 582 Little Collins Street, Melbourne

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 10. August 8, 1951

MORE MONEY— LESS VALUE

A MEMORABLE stage has been reached in Australian economic history. For the first time the Australian worker is seriously worried about receiving a rise in the basic wage.

Next week he will get an extra 9/- to 14/- in his pay. He doesn't have to be an economist to see that the increase, though necessary to catch up with the rise in the cost of living, can only force up prices again.

His wife will see in the statement of the secretary of the Meat and Allied Trades Federation (Mr. Herbert), "If this spiral of wages chasing prices continues, chops could cost 15/- a pound", the whole process of inflation expressed in the terms she best understands — that of shopping for the family.

The economic crisis affects everyone in the community — the employer faced with a huge wage bill, the superannuated man watching his income dwindle to a pittance, the old-age pensioner struggling to live.

But nobody feels the impact more than the housewife.

One woman's story of the fears aroused by the situation is told on page 17 of this issue.

The national conferences on the crisis are as welcome as they are necessary, but to the housewife they seem a little late in the day.

She wonders why the Government hasn't acted earlier.

All Australians hope that industrialists and unionists can get together and find a remedy.

If they don't the time may soon come when a box of matches costs a day's pay.

OUR COVER

. . . shows a French flowered cap made of spring lilacs. The sleeveless dress, by Molyneux, tones with the cap. Lilac is the newest color in fashion news overseas, which is a point to remember if you're planning a hat to greet the spring.

This week:

● We admired, as we know readers will, the Boothroyd illustration on pages 12 and 13 of this issue, and asked Boothroyd about his model. She is 18-year-old Judy Dennis, of Melbourne, who is staying in Sydney with her uncle, studio photographer Monte Luke.

Boothroyd (whose Christian name, which nobody uses, is Arthur) likes period illustration best, but turns his hand equally well to modern work, as this example shows. The research for the historical work is in line with his general interests: theatre, books, and architecture. He likes planting trees, and has conducted an anti-tree-destruction campaign for years.

He lives at Clifton Gardens, Sydney, and began illustrating for us when this paper was first published in 1933. He spent nine years in England (five and a half of them in the British Army), and returned to resume his work as one of our most popular illustrators.

● Three young New Zealand girls came to Australia early this year seeking a job that would help them see the country. Qualified dietitians, they called on the Federal Department of Health, Canberra. "We'll let you know if anything turns up," said officers of the department. Shortly afterwards, a letter chased them all over the country. It offered them just the job they wanted. The story is on page 16.

Next week:

● Princess Margaret, who will be 21 on August 21, is probably the most-discussed member of British Royalty since her uncle, the Duke of Windsor. In next week's paper are two color pages showing her progress from childhood to her present youthful beauty.

● In color also in our next issue: Our American mannequins photographed in frocks they are wearing at the parades now being held in Melbourne; the latest news in hair styles; a page on oven cookery, which tells you what every housewife wants to know these days—how to economise on fuel.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER



SARAH BERNHARDT'S greatest performances were not all given on the stage. This is made clear in Suze Rueff's affectionate biography.

Suze Rueff, a Dutch girl whose parents settled in Victorian England, was in the beginning admitted to the great actress' friendship through family connections.

Later she came to be looked on as a loved daughter.

The author knew Bernhardt from the time she was 44 and at the height of her extraordinary powers until her death in Paris in 1923 at the age of 79.

The Sarah Mrs. Rueff gives us—reckless in her generosity, courage, and exhibitionism — confirms the legend of the red-headed actress who for more than half a century was the subject of the world's adoration and gossip.

We hear of Sarah's conquests and her foibles, her friendship with the poet Rostand, 24 years her junior, the dogs, monkeys, and lion cubs without which she refused to travel.

The picture Mrs. Rueff draws is of a woman indomitable, ridiculous, loving, and lovable, who dyed her hair red until she was in her 70's, carried her fabulous jewellery about in a shabby chamois bag, and wore her sables with an air that no woman has since equalled.

It was Victor Hugo, at a supper-party celebrating the 100th performance of his play "Queen of Spain" (Sarah played the Queen), who first used the later universally applied adjective "golden" as descriptive of Bernhardt's voice.

Mrs. Rueff was in London to see Sarah outrage convention by playing Hamlet in French when in her middle 50's. She saw her famous La Dame aux Camellias, during which Bernhardt frequently ad libbed in calling for the stage maid to bring her cups of tea.

There are vivid first-hand descriptions of Le Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, with its gold brocade walls, the actress' Paris house, and the fantastic Fort Sarah Bernhardt, her summer retreat in Brittany.

Always interesting and sometimes amusing, the book becomes most touching when old age and infirmity cast their shadow.

After years of intense suffering, Sarah herself decided on the amputation that was to remove her right leg in 1915, when she was 71.

Mrs. Rueff was obviously distressed the first time she saw Bernhardt after the amputation.

Wearing chinchilla with pink carnations pinned to her collar, the indefatigable Bernhardt uttered a rebuke:

"Please, Suze, don't make such a long face; I have been walking about during seventy years—that is enough—henceforth I will allow myself to be carried like a Byzantine Empress!"

"I Knew Sarah Bernhardt" is published by Frederick Muller. Our copy from Craftsman Bookshop.

The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.

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by Richard Hudnut

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3282

Girls survey native diet



AFTER WALKABOUT, this native couple prepare edible roots for a snack. The man pounds the roots, which are later cooked in ashes.



DIETITIANS Winifred Kipling (left), Pat Youngman, and Lesley Harding are enthusiastic about the vivid beauty of the bush country of Western Australia, which they toured for three months in making a diet survey of the local aborigines. The girls have been friends since University days in New Zealand.

Three months in wild outback

Three young New Zealand dietitians have just completed a three months' diet survey of the Western Australian aborigines.

By WIN BISSET, staff reporter

THEY are Lesley Harding, Pat Youngman, and Winifred Kipling, all Bachelors of Home Science of Otago University.

The survey was the first undertaken in Western Australia. It was done on the initiative of the State Government, which asked the Commonwealth Department of Health to supply trained dietitians.

Win, Lesley, and Pat were ready waiting for such a job.

They had spent ten months of 1949 teaching in Tasmania. Returning from New Zealand to Australia last February, they had applied to the Department of Health for a job "to take them over all Australia."

For the first month of their trek they were accompanied by Winifred Wilson, senior nutritionist of the Commonwealth Department of Health.

A standard practice in a diet survey is to weigh all the food in the pantry at the beginning of the survey, ask the housewife to enter all her purchases in a log-book, and then weigh everything at the end of the period.

The dietitians decided this was too complicated for the aborigines, so they used a system of questioning.

To allay any suspicion the natives might have of their motives, the girls were always introduced to the natives by either station owners, missionaries, or members of the police force.

In Gnowangerup, south-east of Perth, where the survey began, they arrived just before the funeral of one of the natives.

The former missionary who conducted the burial service introduced the girls in his sermon.

They then visited some of the aboriginal families.

They admired the babies and chatted with the mothers on domestic affairs.

Then they explained that they had come to find out what tucker the aborigines ate, and that they wanted to "write it all down."

Reactions varied. Some natives rushed to find an old kerosene tin and put a pillow on it to give the girls a seat.

Others clutched their babies as though afraid the girls were going to take them away.

One old fellow, making sure he wasn't going to be left out of anything, gave his name and address in a very dignified manner and asked the girls to be sure to write it down then and there, because he was "going to Perth that week and would not be home for a few days."

The native women had splendid memories, according to a check the girls made with the local storekeepers, who were most co-operative.

Very few of the homes had any storage space beyond a butter-box cupboard. Most of the women shopped from day to day, even from meal to meal.

Every family had a "camp oven" — a big iron pot — in which everything was cooked together.

It was impossible to find out where they bought the camp-ovens. They all seemed to have inherited them from their mothers or grandmothers.

Miss Wilson said the general impression of the aborigines' diet was that it resembled the white man's, but had much less variety.

She thought that, as often happens with native races, their own diet was adequate, but when they lived on the fringe of the white man's world they had neither a good native diet nor adequate white man's food.

In the 30 families the dietitians visited in the Gnowangerup district they met only one full-blooded aborigine, a man of about 90.

The half-castes were every coloring. Some were red-haired and blue-eyed.

They spoke good English with a kind of "lilt" and no trace of "Australian" accent.

After the survey at Gnowangerup, the girls separated.

Winifred Wilson returned to her job in Canberra, Lesley Harding travelled by plane to Wyndham, Forrest River Mission, Drysdale, Broome, Beagle Bay, La Grange, and Anna Plains.

Win Kipling and Pat Youngman worked together through remote regions, owing to the uncertainty of linking up with transport.

At the word "transport," Pat and Win shouted with laughter.

"We drove in a magnificent taxi at Marble Bar," said Pat. "There was no petrol tank, but a tin on the roof with tubing which wound down past our necks and into the engine.

"If the tube choked, someone would have to unfasten it and suck out the petrol until the obstruction was removed.

"Another truck, which brought us the 120 miles from Port Hedland to Marble Bar, had no floorboards. The hot air swirled up under our feet for the entire journey. It took ten hours."

At Fossil Downs Station Win and Pat met a very fat native woman. She proved to be a great meat-eater.

In noting details of her diet they mildly observed that she was eating "plenty meat." This remark sent her in floods of tears to Mrs. MacDonald, wife of the owner of Fossil Downs.

It took the combined efforts of the white women to soothe her wounded feelings and reassure her that they had only said she was eating the meat, not carrying it.

The girls said that town natives and younger mission natives gave accurately the amount of food they ate in a week.

Older and uneducated natives, interviewed through an interpreter, did their best to be helpful, but had no conception of white man's time or numbers and could only give an idea of the type of "bush tucker" they ate rather than the amount.

In most places the natives' diet was supplemented by fish, kangaroo, goanna, yams, or wild fruit.

Other supplementary diet items included water-lily seeds and roots, baobab nuts, and bullocks' intestines.

"The wild fruit is tasteless and very pithy," said Lesley Harding, who tasted everything the natives ate.

Win Kipling watched the natives grinding small seeds and mixing them with water.

"When it was ready to be cooked it looked like cement," said Win. "It tasted like cement, too."

Lesley, Win, and Pat returned this week to New Zealand. They are booked for England next November, where they intend carrying out a similar programme of a working holiday, travelling as far afield as possible.



PAT YOUNGMAN interviews a housewife at Ongerup, W.A. The diet survey showed that the natives eat a lot of bread or damper and butter; some meat, often tinned; some vegetables and fruit, sometimes tinned. Milk consumption is small.

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ECONOMIC CRISIS: "It has cost me my baby"

One woman's story of how inflation is affecting the home

The basic wage rise my husband receives in his pay envelope this week is costing me and Australia a new baby.

Like thousands of other wives of working men and white-collar workers I am suddenly afraid of the future. The feeling that we were getting on well and building security for our little family has vanished overnight.



INTO THE LUMBER-ROOM. The baby's cot and pram are piled away among unwanted household items in a room which would have been converted into a nursery.

● The author of this story is an Australian housewife. Hers is the story of most housewives to-day. Their economic positions differ. Some are worse off. But they are all asking themselves the same question: "What are we going to do if prices keep on rising?"

UP to now, since Jim and I were married seven years ago, we have been able to give each other strength in times of domestic set-backs and national alarms.

We have said that spiritual faith and faith in ourselves and our country would see us through anything.

This time, because we do not expect miracles to be worked for our special benefit, we both realise that the national economic crisis has become a crisis right inside our home.

It is going to affect us in a most bitter and personal way.

Business concerns can't expand without finance. Neither, I reckon, can families.

We have two little girls. There should have been another child, a first-born, but I lost it prematurely.

Jim would like to have a son.

But not any more are we hoping. We are dreading.

A month ago we went over our general financial commitments and anticipations.

That was when we thought we would be able to afford our new baby.

We even thought of accommodation if the time came. We planned to line and paint our small side verandah. The color scheme, of course, would be blue—ready for a son.

A washing machine, which we would begin to buy now on time payment, was to have released me from the nappy drudgery.

But the basic wage rise exploded our dream, as it seems to have destroyed the complacency of politicians, economists, and industrial leaders.

This week we did our sums again and decided that we can't afford our baby.

It looks as though we'll be lucky if we can maintain our present modest standard of living.

I know that prices have been frozen and that conferences have been called, but neither of these measures lessens my dismay and anxiety.

I have a realisation of approaching storm, like the realisation that gripped the world after Munich in 1938 of the headlong rush to war.

It is possible that you are thinking that I could be a spoiled, selfish woman who has never known any real hardship in her life.

"Go ahead and have your babies," I can even hear somebody counsel. "You'll win through."

Well, I won through on a husband's wage that started as a wartime gunner's pay and has gradually risen to 14 almost valueless pound notes a week.

I've won through living in boarding-houses, in a garage, in half a slum house, and through the heartache of trying unsuccessfully to build an 11-square fibro.

A little more than a year ago we were lucky enough to buy a decaying but sound enough place in the Sydney suburb of Willoughby.

Jim, who is head of a small department in a manufacturing firm, has worked many nights and practically every week-end since, doing up the house.

It is going to be nice when, or if, it is finished.

We paid £50 to have a borer-riddled section of the floor renewed. We have a stove on order to replace the present pre-World War I model which has only one burner that works properly.

We have no floor coverings, yet, except mats in the bedrooms.

We have peeled the paper off the walls in the dining and living rooms, so they look pretty cheerless.

Even though we can't go ahead with redecorating them until we can afford to have the gaps and damaged parts re-plastered, we've got the paint ready.

Thousands of married couples like us will agree it's a problem to decide what articles you should try to "buy ahead" in the battle to beat price rises.

We're fortunate that the roof doesn't leak and that the dampcourse is sound. Have you ever watched mould grow on plaster?

It's not that I think that I deserve special sympathy that I'm writing all this.

There are plenty of people worse off—people on private and government pensions, for instance.

Jim's father, who is one of these, draws a retiring allowance of £4 a week.

Out of this has to come £11 a year for a telephone. Jim's mother has a bad heart because of the strain of rearing a large family and going out to work during the depression. It is comforting for all of us to be able to telephone her, and she feels safer with quick access to the doctor.

She is a woman who has done her duty, and she is in a position to give an opinion about what we should do.

Though she enjoys her grandchildren and has always talked of the blessings of a large family, no matter how great the struggle to fend for them, she certainly does not think I ought to have another baby now.

To have the baby we would have had to keep to a rigorous budget—fewer cigarettes for Jim, no films, and no baby-sitter, another year's wear for my clothes, and another set of patches in the sheets, more stews than grills on the family menu, another "mean" Christmas to our friends and relations.

We were going to wait another year for a decent set of cutlery and a couple of longed-for luxuries — the flower print for our bedroom and loose covers for our second-hand lounge suite.

Now we have to do without all these things, and we still won't have a baby to make the sacrifice worth while.

Our side verandah will remain a lumber tip.

£5 bought these:



TWELVE YEARS AGO a housewife could buy all these goods with a £5 note: Shoes 14/9, slippers 8/11, socks 4/6, shirt 12/6, towels 4/11 each, sheets 39/6 a pair, paint 3/6 tin, 1lb. chops 1/6, 1 doz. eggs 1/6, 1lb. bacon 1/10, 1lb. biscuits 11d., 1lb. tea 2/3, jam 1/-, tomato sauce 11d., 1lb. cheese 1/8.



TO-DAY the housewife's £5 would be quickly used up on these commodities: Shoes £1/4/-, slippers £1/2/9, shirt £2, ½lb. chops 2/3, ½ doz. eggs 2/2, ½lb. bacon 1/2, ½lb. biscuits 9d., ½lb tea 1/11, jam 2/2, tomato sauce 1/7, ½lb. cheese 1/3.

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Lavish festival wardrobe



LORD MAYOR and Lady Mayoress of London, Sir Denys and Lady Lowson, who are visiting Australia as Jubilee guests (left). Sir Denys is the first Lord Mayor of London to visit Australia while in office.

BLACK LACE mounted on tulle forms this exquisite evening gown designed for Lady Lowson, which is one of the dresses she has brought to Australia.



Lady Lowson's lovely clothes for trip here

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Lady Lowson, now on an eight days' visit to Australia with her husband, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Denys Lowson, is said to be the most beautiful of London's 630 Lady Mayoresses.

SLIM, golden - haired, with a soft voice and friendly manner, she has brought a fairy-tale quality to the role of Lady Mayoress.

Her charm and elegance have been one of the assets of Festival Year in Britain.

Knowing that she would be Lady Mayoress in Festival Year, Lady Lowson, who was then the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson (her husband was created a baronet in the last Birthday Honors), planned her beautiful and lavish wardrobe well ahead.

She thinks people in the public eye should not wear the same clothes all the time.

She has taken many of her dresses and ball gowns to Australia.

Norman Hartnell and Rahvis have made most of Lady Lowson's clothes.

"She is delightful to dress," Miss Rahvis told me. "She has a 23in. waist, is 5ft. 7in. tall, and has a perfect dress sense."

Her favorite evening wrap, which she has taken to Australia, is a silver-blue mink stole.

Long diamond earrings, which she wears with evening dress, and her diamond and sapphire necklace and sapphire brooch, gifts from her husband, are her favorite jewels.

Lady Lowson's fresh English complexion needs little make-up. She smooths on a light foundation of cream and dusting-powder, and her lipsticks are rose-red. Her nail varnish matches her lipstick.

She was formerly the Hon. Patricia Macpherson, daughter of Lord Strathcarron. She met her husband when she was 17 and was married before she was 18.

At 20 she was the youngest wife of a City of London sheriff, and acted as hostess with two other sheriffs' wives.

Now 31, she has had wide experience as a hostess to Royalty, visiting Royalty, ambassadors, Cabinet Ministers, judges, and wealthy merchants.

Lady Lowson has a gift for entertaining. Even tradition-ridden Lord Mayors' banquets have achieved a new life under her guidance.

Owns model railway

BEING young, rich, and beautiful, Lady Lowson has leisured and dignified accomplishments, as well as some amusing hobbies, such as the model railway which takes up a whole room in her country home.

Riding sidesaddle, she hunts with the Horsham and Crawley.

Lady Lowson has studied art, and paints well. She goes to most of the private views and new art shows. As well she is an accomplished pianist.

Sir Denys and Lady Lowson have three children — Gay Ann, aged 13, Melanie, 10, and Ian, 6.

The Mansion House, their London residence, does not lend itself to domesticity, so Ian lives with his nanny at the Lowsons' country home at Balcombe, and sees his mother and father at week-ends.

Gay Ann and Melanie are at boarding-school.

Lady Lowson is fond of flying and looked forward to her trip to Australia. Her husband does not like air travel, but she persuaded him to fly, too.

Within the boundaries of the City of London, Sir Denys Lowson ranks second only to the King. Outside the City he ranks as an earl.

On the Australian tour he will be attended by Lieut.-Col. Alderman and Sheriff G. J. Cullum Welch and Mr. Sheriff Percy Lovely.

Also in his entourage will be the sword-bearer and first esquire to the Lord Mayor, Mr. William T. Boston.

Sir Denys and his entourage will wear their insignia of office on formal occasions.

The robes for a Lord Mayor of London cost anything up to £800.

Cost of office

SIR DENYS LOWSON'S term of office has cost him at least £20,000, but because he is one of the City's most successful financiers he can afford it.

As well as being one of the wealthiest of London's Lord Mayors, Sir Denys is also one of the most handsome. He is six feet four inches in height, broad-shouldered, with smooth brown hair, and is a shrewd, determined but likeable man.

After visiting Melbourne and Adelaide following their arrival in Sydney by Qantas Constellation on August 4, the party will arrive in Canberra on August 8, where they will be entertained by the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, before returning to Sydney on August 9, where civic and State receptions are being planned.

Square Dance Contest

All the interstate champions in our Dance Contest have assembled in Sydney to contest the Australian Championship at the Trocadero on August 11.

£6000 Jubilee Square

THE New South Wales Championship will be judged by Joe Lewis at the Paddington Town Hall on Bank Holiday Monday, August 6.

The interstate teams have arrived in time to see the show. They will attend in square dance clothes and will probably give an exhibition of square dancing.

A few tickets for the New South Wales Championship are still available at the front counter on the ground floor of The Australian Women's Weekly, Pulsford Chambers, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Tickets are 4/- each.

While waiting to take part in the Australian Championship on August 11, the interstate teams are enjoying a busy holiday as our guests. This is part of the prize they won in our contest.

The teams are staying in separate hotels in the city: the Victorians are at the Arcadia; the South Australians at the Elizabeth; the Western Australians at the St. James; the Tasmanians at the Tudor; and the Queenslanders at the Windsor.

The Australian Championship will be judged by Joe Lewis at the Trocadero at 2 p.m. on Saturday, August 11. Tickets for the mammoth show at 4/- each are now available at the Trocadero.

After the judging the Australian champions will be presented with £3200—£400 for each team member. They will also be given a fortnight's holiday in Sydney at the expense of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Australian Square Dance Champions will also give exhibitions of square dancing in Sydney.

Joe Lewis will call for the exhibitions.

They will be held in the Great Restaurant of David Jones' Elizabeth Street store at 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. on Monday, August 13, Tuesday, August 14, Wednesday, August 15, and Friday, August 17.

Tickets at 2/6 each will be available on the ground floor of David Jones' Elizabeth Street store from August 6.

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Olive ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Deep Olive ☐		REDHEAD
Tan ☐	LASHES Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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ARTIST GOES WALKABOUT

Elisabeth MacIntyre gives a vivid account in pictures and story of her wanderings in Northern Australia with her artist husband, John Eldershaw. Miss MacIntyre is the creator of the lovable comic strip animal, Ambrose Kangaroo.



BOYS on their way to a Gulf mission school more than 160 miles from Normanton, Queensland, on a mild, spring-like morning. When it is not actually hot they wear woolly shawls which they knit themselves.

OUR trip to the north included Alice Springs, the Kimberleys, Darwin, the Gulf, and North Queensland. I have forgotten how many thousands of miles we went, but it was quite a jaunt—and our second.

To paint in the Kimberleys you have to go into the back of nowhere. You must take with you everything you'll need, because there is nothing except for a cattle station every hundred miles or so, once you leave the fine highway to Darwin at the Katherine.

You can drive for days without meeting anything more companionable than kangaroos, scrub turkeys, lovely graceful brolgas, or pompous policeman birds.

You can camp in the middle of the road—probably nobody will be along for weeks. You can bathe naked in a bore trough—if anyone does come you'll see their dust long before they arrive. You can get bogged in the soft, sugary sand at a creek crossing—and have to take up residence there till you have dug yourself out. You can get lost or have a breakdown—and, if you have been foolish enough to travel without plenty of water, you will be in real trouble.

We almost froze in the Centre. It is very cold there at night in the winter, and we nearly melted in the terrific heat of the north. The dust is fabulous. It's not ordinary dust, but something like the finest suntan-colored face powder that billows up and infiltrates everywhere.

It soon makes you look like a Red Indian and your skin like an old bit of chamois leather, your hair like a floor mop in need of a good shake.

You don't get as miserable as you would expect, though. Along with the dust, flies, heat, and thirst you find a feeling of peace and freedom. Nothing seems to matter.

The sky is larger and clearer and bluer, the country wider, more generous. Generously good and generously bad. It is so vast that it makes you philosophical. As the country is too big to make it fit in with you, you have to fit in with it.

You have to do without so many things that, instead of missing them,

Written and illustrated by
ELISABETH MacINTYRE

you feel grateful for the few pleasures that come your way. It is a wonderful experience, when you haven't had a bath for days, to get into a slimy bore trough and wash luxuriously in the strong jet of water that comes sideways out of a big valve like a water main.

When you pull up and boil the billy, or just have a drink from the waterbag, you savor and appreciate each mouthful as if it were rare vintage wine.

Most of the time our home was a utility truck. A tucker box and water tank fitted across the end formed the kitchen. We didn't need a tent up North, as the nights were mild and there was no dew.

Our little camp stretchers, table, and chairs would be neatly set out like a room. They looked so pathetic and self-conscious all by themselves out on a big bare plain!

We often camped by a bore. From dusk the cattle would come in to drink, thousands of them, stringing along in twos and threes. The bulls glowered at us, snorted, and pawed the ground. Then 'roos, dingoes, brumbies, and wild donkeys and camels came snooping around to snatch a drink and melt away into the dark.

Later in the still of the night, we would half-wake up and see strange shapes lurking in the shadows.

I remember a lovely singing lesson at a school on a mission up in the Gulf, more than 160 miles from the nearest town, Normanton. The children sat outside the unwalled church and the teacher sat inside, alternately playing the organ and exhorting them to sing up.

They sang divinely, in soft, velvety voices. It gave me the keenest delight to see about 60 adorable, dusty, half-naked piccaninnies all singing soulfully, "Drink tooo-oo me o-o-only with thine eyes . . ."

I liked the station homesteads. Low on the ground in the Kimberleys, like tin sheds with rooms partitioned off, and like big meatsafes in the Gulf country and North Queensland, built high to be cool, and to escape the attentions of white ants.

Barefoot black girls wait at table, and some places have a punkah worked by a gin who would peer through the door every so often, to see if the meal was nearly finished.

For the Negri races, held 150 miles from Hall's Creek, W.A., a grandstand and a cement floor for the race dance were built in a different place from the previous year, as that site was considered too hot and dusty.

The nearest habitation was Ord River Station. Everyone from stations around piled into trucks, jeeps, or blitz buggies and drove anything up to 300 miles for the outing.

They camped in the dry bed of the Limaker River for three days of merriment, fun, and games.

The women dressed as if for Randwick. The station blacks wore lovely new clothes of bright butcher-blue, acid-greens, and lollipop-pink, big sombreros, and red spotted handkerchiefs.

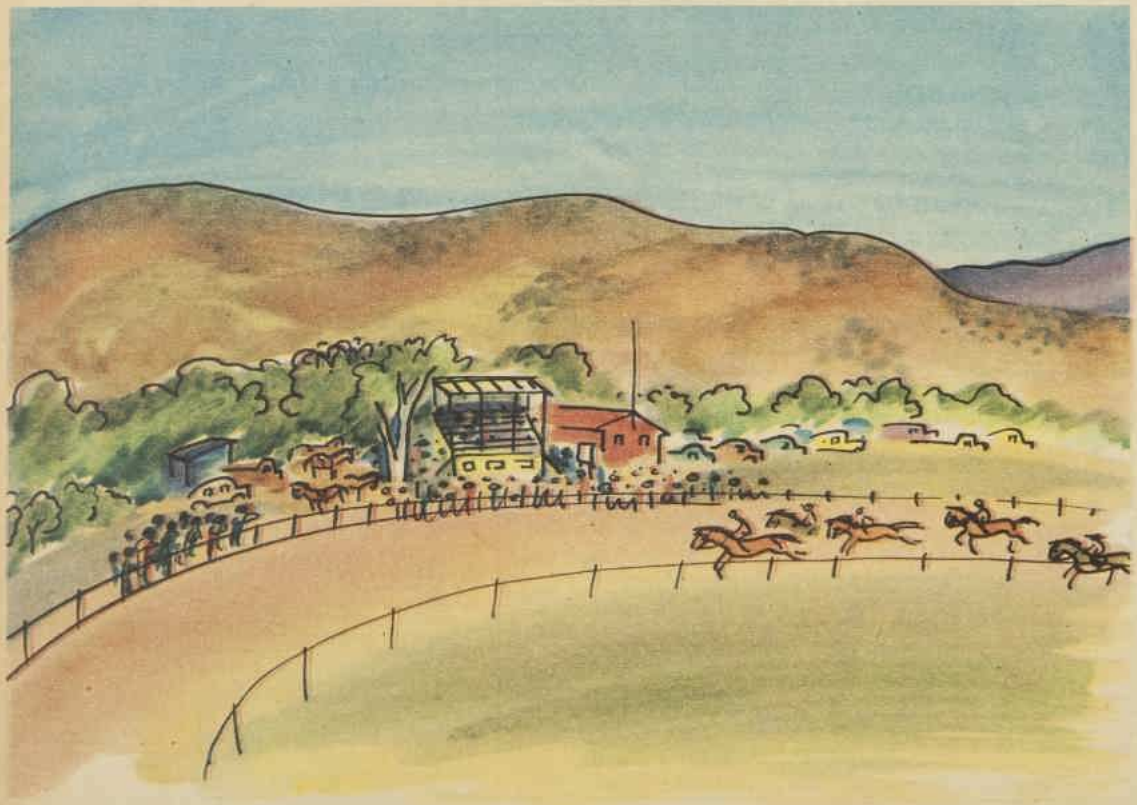
They all looked "prop'ly flash," and I only had an old linen frock like a tea-towel, washed out in a billy of water, and spread on a clump of spinifex to dry.

There was a drover camped near us on the Black Elvire River, 15 miles from Hall's Creek. He had a whole team of black stockmen, one of whom kindly made me a didgerydo, a hollow music stick, and nearly taught me to play it.

It goes "000000000000000000000 . . ." for hours on end. Each verse is just the same.

There were all manner of fascinating things. Perhaps what I like to remember most is a simple corroboree we saw in North Queensland. There was the singing and clapping and thumping in rhythm.

The onlookers were dressed in their best. Mothers nursed their babies, and fathers supported the little ones who were too young to keep away. And the older children were all happily engaged in dancing a sort of little square dance of their own, on the side.



GYMKHANA AT THE ALICE. Potato and thread-the-needle races ridden at a furious pace are on the programme which provides fun for adults and children. Interstate races are broadcast for Dad. There is gossip in the shade of the grandstand for Mother, and special dog events for the kiddies. Everyone wears his best clothes, and the aborigines are "prop'ly flash" in gay colors.

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COOKTOWN, most northerly port in Queensland, is approached by plane or boat because there is no road from Cairns. This picture (above) showing damage done in the 1948 cyclone was painted by Elisabeth MacIntyre on an earlier trip than the one she describes. Once 20 hotels did good business. There are now only three.

VILLAGE LIFE on a mission station in the Gulf country. The houses are made of pandanus leaves. High-class homes have kitchens like the one in the foreground. Piccaninnies, dogs, and pigs all gather around playing together, and share in a happy community life while crows swoop and hover overhead, cawing incessantly (below).



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ROYAL GARDEN PARTY. Mr. and Mrs. John Goodall with Mrs. Patricia Garvan (right) on their way to Buckingham Palace for the Royal garden party. Mrs. Garvan wore a prettily beaded hat with her blue light wool frock.



CALIFORNIA FASHION FIESTA. Wearing a jewel-studded pinafore over her black-and-white net frock, Mrs. Harold Holt (centre) with her husband and Mrs. E. M. Cornfoot at the gala dinner at the Myer Mural Hall, Melbourne. Parades, which will commence in Sydney on August 18 at Mark Foy's, will continue until August 29.



HAPPY COUPLE. John Beaumont with his bride, formerly Joyce Miller, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Miller, of Vaucluse, leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point.

Social Gossings



INFORMAL PARTY for Cavalcade of Nursing Pageant committee members Miss B. Roberts (left), Mr. William Orr, Matron Pike, of St. Luke's Hospital, and Joan Tighe at the buffet dinner given by Matron Shaw, of Crown St. Women's Hospital, before the meeting. The pageant will be held in the Town Hall on October 31 and November 1.

A GAY round of parties, receptions, and banquets is planned for the overseas and interstate visitors to the Seventh Legal Convention of the Law Council of Australia, which this year is being held in Sydney.

About 25 overseas visitors and representatives from all Australian States will take part in the festivities, which will begin on Wednesday with a civic reception at the Town Hall in the afternoon, and an opening ceremony of the Convention there in the evening.

Social highlights of the Convention will include a cocktail party at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Thursday, a State luncheon at the Hotel Australia on Tuesday, August 14, a cocktail party at Government House, Sydney, on Wednesday, August 15. In Canberra a reception will be given at Yarralumla by Sir John Northcott, and a State banquet for the men of the profession.

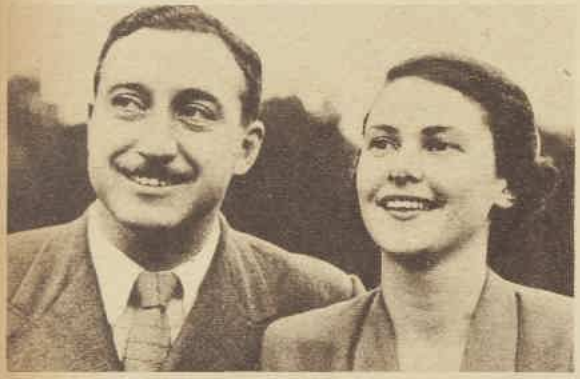
A special ceremony will be held at Sydney University on Thursday, August 16, to confer honorary degrees on three overseas visitors to the Convention: Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, Rt. Hon. Viscount Jowitt; Chief Justice of India, Sir Harilal Kania; and Dean Griswold, of Harvard Law School.

• • •

TO ensure that all the visitors are entertained in private homes during their stay in Sydney, members of the Council are arranging parties for Saturday, August 11. Among those giving parties are the Jack Cassidys, Jack Shands, Norman Jenkyns, Garfield Barwicks, Mervyn Finlays, and Alistair Stephens.

• • •

NEWS comes from Hongkong that the Alistair Walkers will call their first son, born early this month, Angus. Mrs. Walker, who was well known in Sydney as Bunty Scott-Waine, went to Hongkong last October after her marriage.



NEWLY ENGAGED. Pretty Jill Metzelaar, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Metzelaar, of Bellevue Hill, photographed with her fiance, Geoffrey Goodman, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Goodman, of Darling Point.



AT LAW BALL. Doug Stewart, of Roseville, and his fiancee, Prue McCauley, at the Sydney University Law Society's jubilee ball at the Trocadero. Prue is the daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. McCauley. Doug is son of Mr. and Mrs. V. Stewart.



SCOTTISH BRIDE. Mrs. Douglas Chisholm, formerly Maureen Smart, of Greenock, Scotland, leaves St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her husband, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Chisholm, of Apia, Western Samoa. Couple will live at Ryde.

EXPECTING the arrival of her fiance, Englishman Graham Back, on the Oronsay on September 24, Joan Baldock has planned her wedding date for October 9. Ceremony will take place at St. Mark's, Darling Point. The couple met when Graham was out here with the R.N. during the war, and again when Joan was in London recently. Graham is the only son of Mrs. A. F. Back, of Whyteleafe Court, Warlingham, Surrey, and Joan is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baldock, of Darling Point. Joan's sister, Mrs. Gordon Bettington, will attend her as matron of honor, and bridesmaid will be Rosalyn Musgrove. Joan and Graham have their names down for one of the new home units at Darling Point, and are hoping it will be finished in time for them to move in after their honeymoon.

• • •

NEWS of Commander and Mrs. Freddie Cook, who went to Washington in February when Freddie was appointed as Naval Representative and Naval Attache, comes from Mrs. J. C. Morrow, who returned to Sydney recently. The Cooks took over the Morrows' house in Washington, and were there a week before Captain and Mrs. Morrow left. By that time they seemed to be settling in very happily and were thrilled with their new home in Chevy Chase, about a mile out of the city, which is surrounded by lovely trees, and Dulcie Morrow says is "perfect in the summer."



ARMY PARTY. Staff-Sgt. Nan Douglas (left) and Sgt.-Major Pat Rawlings enjoy a cup of tea at Victoria Barracks after taking part in the W.R.A.A.C. passing-out parade. Lieut.-General Bridgeford took the salute at the parade.

HAPPY engagement party for Gay Throsby and Barrie Greer at the Pickwick Club, when group of friends including Ken Chapman, Marilyn McCathie, Cam Alexander, and Janet Huffjohnson helped them to celebrate the occasion. Gay, who wore a gold-embroidered cream jumper with her black velvet ballerina skirt, displayed a pearl and diamond ring on her left hand. Gay, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Throsby, of Camden, and Barrie, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Greer, of Double Bay, plan to marry in Sydney in December. They intend to make their home in Melbourne, and Barrie is going down there this month hoping to find a suitable flat.

• • •

A BEAUTIFUL single-stone diamond in a gold filigree setting is being worn by Helen Jones, only daughter of the headmaster of Canberra High School, Mr. Frank Jones, and Mrs. Jones, who announced her engagement this week to Eric Sewell, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Sewell, of Adelaide.

Anne

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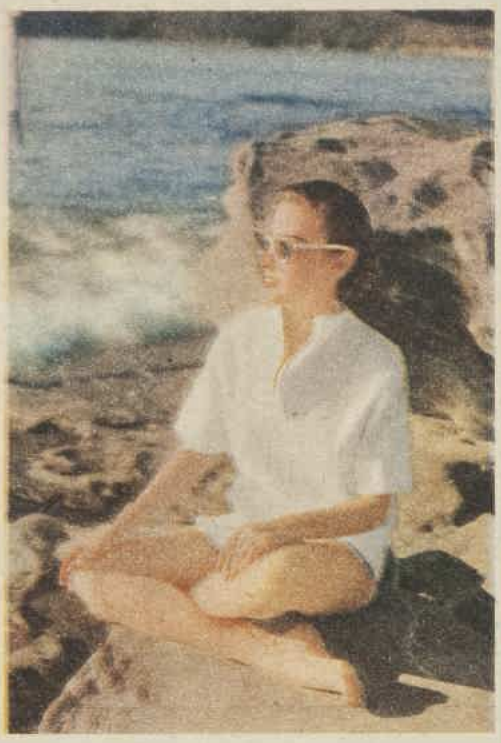
AUSTRALIAN MADE

Summer Fashions

• In this supplement we present a collection of spring and summer clothes styled and made by Australian manufacturers. The garments will all be on sale at the stores listed in our Buying Guide on pages 32 and 33.



• "Seasprite" lastex swimsuit with petal-point bra and shirred panels. In 14 plain colors. Sizes 32 to 36. About £5. By Scamp.



• Chenille beach shirt to wear with swimsuit or slacks has shirt collar and slit sides. Six solid colors. Sizes 12 to 16. About £2/4/-. By Pacific Chenille Craft.





• Swimsuit with shaped bra. Sizes 32 to 38. About £2/17/6. By Black Lance.



• Sharkskin suit has trunks, bra, and coat. White only. Sizes 14 to 18. About £9/9/-. By Casben.



• "Arabesque" floral swimsuit is in six color combinations. About £4/15/-. By Jantzen.

• "Excelca" snowdrop print with illusion bra and wave-line front panel. Sizes 14 to 18. Priced about £3/19/6. By Cole, of California.

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DRIVE OUT THE POISONS OF CATARRH·BRONCHITIS

. . . just by taking a few drops of LANTIGEN 'B' in water each day!

Thousands of unsolicited testimonies by grateful ex-sufferers offer proof that just a few drops of Lantigen 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine in water each day is an effective safe way to bring relief and in most cases establish long-lasting immunity against Catarrhal and Bronchial disorders.

Different — More Effective

Scientific evidence has shown that, before you can get relief from such disorders, you must first neutralise the toxins or poisons released by certain germs. These germs, illustrated at right, are those commonly held responsible for Catarrhal and Bronchial infections. Lantigen 'B', produced under medical supervision by skilled bacteriologists, is specially prepared to combat these specific germ poisons. It works through the bloodstream to stimulate the production of antibodies in the system. These antibodies are the natural antidotes to the germ infection. They neutralise the toxins, build up bodily resistance, and help to establish long-lasting immunity.

- **LANTIGEN 'B' is safe.**
- **Is guaranteed not to harm the heart or interfere with other treatments.**
- **There are no injections—no harmful drugs.**
- **Perfectly safe for young and old.**

Five-Way Benefit

A few drops of Lantigen 'B' in water each day brings relief in all these ways:

1. *Aching Catarrhal heads are relieved.*
2. *Stuffy nasal passages cleared.*
3. *Tight Bronchial congestion relieved.*
4. *Nagging Sinus and Antrum pain eased.*
5. *General good health and sound sleep restored.*

Economical — Simple to Use

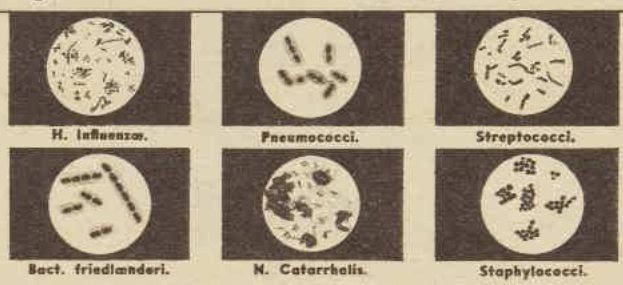
Lantigen is taken just like an ordinary medicine —a few drops in water each day. Thousands of ex-sufferers have written saying that, not only have they gained relief from miserable days and nights, but that they continue to enjoy sound, vigorous health.

Despite its remarkable effectiveness, Lantigen is very economical to use and costs only a few pence a day for the recommended treatment.

Read the proof in the letters printed at the right. Then go to your Chemist and ask him for a bottle of Lantigen 'B'. It won't be long before you too will be able to tell of the same spectacular relief so many have gained from taking this remarkable dissolved oral vaccine.



Lantigen 'B' Treats Catarrhal & Bronchial Disorders Caused By These Germs



These illustrations, based on actual laboratory micro-photographs, show what Catarrh germs look like.

Read These Unsolicited Testimonies!

Catarrh. "I first used Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh. Before I tried it, I always had colds and ulcers in my mouth. I've hardly had either since. I also got my brother-in-law on Lantigen 'B' and he got through the winter without a cold."—*Mrs. E.S., Paddington, Queensland.*

Nasal Catarrh. "I am a sufferer of Nasal Catarrh with head noises and gradually going hard of hearing. I tried Lantigen 'B'. The first bottle gave me big relief. I have just purchased another bottle and though I have been using this only a week, I have already felt the benefit."—*Mr. D.R.M., Box Hill, Victoria.*

Sinus Trouble and Catarrh. "Since 1934 I didn't get more than two hours' sleep on account of Sinus Trouble and Catarrh. But now, after taking two bottles of your famous treatment, I get all the sleep I want."—*Mr. D.J.M., Kalgoorlie.*

Bronchitis. "About six months ago, my daughter developed Bronchitis. She would get frightful attacks of coughing. One day I happened to see an advertisement for Lantigen 'B'. I got a bottle immediately for her and the results were astounding. After taking only one bottle she is completely over the trouble."—*Mrs. J.W., Narrabri.*

Catarrh. "The Catarrh has cleaned up remarkably well and I'm able to breathe quite freely, especially when I go to bed at night."—*Mrs. U.C., Hurstville, N.S.W.*

Colds. "Since I began to take LANTIGEN 'B', about four weeks ago, I have been sleeping much better, and altogether feel very much brighter. Already I notice that I do not have nearly so many colds, and what I have, are no trouble at all. Before, almost every cold put me to bed."—*G.E.S., Carlisle, W.A.*

(Actual copies of unsolicited letters on our files)

Ask your Chemist to-day for . . .



Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

Taken just like ordinary medicine for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infections, Recurrent Colds.

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, 103 York Street, Sydney.

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For round the Clock Living

(See Buying Guide on page 32)



● Tailored frock buttoned down the front, with fitted waistband made in pure and crepe linen. Nine shades. XSSW to W. Pure linen, priced about £14/7/1. Crepe, £14/15/7. By Shirtmaker.



● Net evening gown with appliqued lace on the bodice and four panels of lace on the very full skirt. Matching net stole. In navy, black, and many pastel shades. XSSW to W. About £20/5/-. Hedley James Signature model. By McGinley and Carpenter.



● Spring suit in fine worsted. Push-up three-quarter sleeves. In three shades. XSSW to W. About £26/-/-. By Stell-Ricks.



● Linen ensemble, pique-trimmed. In navy, black, and pastel shades. XSSW to W. About £8/8/-. By Douglas Cox.



● Skirt, 12 colors. XSSW to W. Heavy linen, about £4/8/-. fine linen, £3/15/6. Blouse. About £2/6/9. By Sportscraft.

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AUTHENTIC

A NYLON SERVICE SHEER

BY **Prestige**

13/9

OR ~

"There is hardly anything in this world
That some man cannot make a little worse
And sell a little cheaper, and the people who
Consider the price only are his legitimate prey"

JOHN RUSKIN

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Daytime Prints

PRINTED dress fabrics once again make spring and summer fashion news. Here we give you a varied selection illustrating latest designs and types. The models will be on sale in leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.

(See Buying Guide on page 32)



● Striped cotton. In four shades. XSSW to XW. About £4/8/6. Hat by Stoddarts. A.B.S. model by A. Benjamin.



● Multi-colored floral cotton frock in shirtmaker style with full pleated skirt. In five shades. XSSW to XW. About £1/15/11. By Boyce Bros.



● Poplin frock in four florals on white ground. XSSW to W. About £4/15/-. Sally Forth model by Paterson, Laing, and Bruce.





● Striped cotton poplin frock with shirt-collar and pleated pockets. In five shades. XSSW to W. About £4/5/6. By Three Star.

● Printed shantung suit has slim-fitting skirt with buttoned slits on each side. Patent leather belt. In five shades. XSSW to W. About £9/19/6. By Restell.



● Floral-striped tree-print frock with draped collar. In six shades. Sizes XSSW to W. About £10/10/-. By Le Roy.

Light as a flutter of butterfly wings...



It's sheer enchantment, this Face Powder by Lournay! So fine it clings hour, with fragrant flattery. What could be more enhancing to any girl than—

THE BUTTERFLY TOUCH OF

Lournay

FACE POWDER

Dawn Pink
Frangipani
Magnolia
Peachbloom
Goldenglow
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FACE POWDER, 6/-
LIQUID POWDER BASE, 6/-

GUILD CHEMIST

Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores.



NEW . . . Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!

ARRID

Camelia SANITARY NAPKINS

Safe, Comfort....

Think of comfort next time and have the soft, safe comfortable protection of CAMELIA Sanitary Napkins.

Women everywhere are thankful for this fine quality Napkin and enjoy the freedom of action and security it affords.

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● Single-breasted linen suit with shaped back, tailored set-in sleeves, and slim skirt-line. In eight shades. XSSW to XW. About £8/8/-. By Dominex.



● Simple floral frock with square neckline and gathered skirt. Choice of five colored borders. XSSW to XW. About £1/9/11. By Boyce Bros.



● Front-buttoned cotton voile frock with unusual fluted pockets and black patent-leather belt. In four colors. SSW to W. About £3/19/11. By Adelyn.



● Poplin frock in checks. XSSW to W. About £4/15/-. Sally Forth model by Paterson, Laing, and Bruce.

Styled for Summer

● The 12 designs photographed here are styled for comfort and coolness in summer. Made in vivid colors, they are practical and pretty additions to every woman's wardrobe. Most of the models are designed for easy laundering.

(See Buying Guide on pages 32 and 33)



● Bolero frock, at left, with halter neckline, tie belt, and pointed collar. In six vivid tonings. Sizes XSSW to W. About £4/11/6. By Three Star.

● Pure silk, spotted shantung frock, at right, is trimmed with black faille. In two tonings. XSSW to W. About £24. By Lucas.



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● Washing-frock in floral cotton with rounded shoulder-line. In two tonings. XSSW to XW. About £6/6/-. By Fashion Pfeiffer.





● Cotton frock with front-buttoning. In four prints, six shades of each. XSSW to W. About £3/15/9. By Bookallil.



● Button-through gingham frock. In 30 shades and designs. SSW to W. About £1/7/11. By Latoof and Callil.



● Bolero sun-frock in waffle pique with petal bodice. XXSW to SW. Four shades. About £4/2/-. By Sphinx Apparel.



● Washable waffle pique frock. In four shades. XSSW to W. About £2/4/9. Viven Dress by W. O. Reed.

● Back-buttoned frock of French gingham with wrap-over collar and unusual pockets. In five tonings of check. SSW to W. About £3/17/-. By Sphinx Apparel.



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it's BETTER
BRINGS OUT THE LOVELIGHTS IN YOUR HAIR
it's CONCENTRATED
32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8OZ. BOTTLE
it's ECONOMICAL
because IT'S CONCENTRATED



AND
Richard Hudnut
egg creme
SHAMPOO
contains real egg

It's the almost magical action of the real egg, of course, which gives your hair that sheen of natural lustrous softness . . . makes your hair easier to set . . . your perm last longer.

And remember, Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo is a CONCENTRATED shampoo. You get a richer shampoo, and more shampoos to the bottle!

Prove it by buying a 4-oz. bottle of Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo — and then buy the larger, more economical 8-oz. size.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR WITH
Richard Hudnut egg creme shampoo

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND SELECTED DEPARTMENT STORES.

egg creme shampoo

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Skirt fullness is Smart

THESE five new summertime designs illustrate the comfort and grace of skirt fullness.

(See Buying Guide on page 32)



● Nylon cocktail or dancing frock, above, with snowdrop posy on bodice. In five shades. XSSW to W. About £17/1/8. A.B.S. model by A. Benjamin.

● Floral organdie evening gown, above right. In three shades. XSSW to W. About £14/7/7. By Douglas Cox.





● Pique evening gown cut on simple lines, with shaped patent-leather belt. In five shades. XSSW to W. About £8/14/8. By dotti laughlin.





● Floral cotton frock with matching bolero above. In five dark tonings. XSSW to W. About £10/7/4. By dotti laughlin.

● Jubilee cotton frock with black linen top, at left. In four shades. XSSW to W. About £5/12/6. By Douglas Cox.



KEEP FRESHER! First, Bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken sheet of protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum lavishly and often. Gives your person the *fragrance men love.*



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum
with the fragrance men love

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS INCLUDE FACE POWDER, POWDER BASE, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, CAKE MAKE-UP & BEAUTY CREAMS



ASK FOR Christy's
ROYAL TURKISH TOWELS AND BATH SHEETS
AT THE LEADING STORES

Don't forget my ROBOLEINE mummy!



All children love this natural health-giving addition to their diet. Roboleine stimulates the appetite, builds up resistance to infection and helps form strong bones and healthy bodies.
12 & 36 oz. jars at all chemists.

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

A.M. AUSTRALIA'S LEADING MONTHLY MAGAZINE
Fiction . . . Sport . . . Articles and Color Pictures.
1/- At all Newsagents and Bookstalls. 1/-
FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

MOTHERS, LOOK!— CROCHET
● Quicker — Easier — Cheaper ●
Instructions easy to follow.
The Gadeania Crochet Book 3
Featuring 25 lovely baby patterns.
NOW ON SALE—PRICE 2/6.
If your Newsagent cannot supply, write V. & M. GADEAN, Box 8239, G.P.O., Perth, W.A.
Write name and address plainly in block letters. Enclose 2½d. for post.

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New Party Dresses



● **A new group of formal and informal party dresses with the accent on color. The spring-summer evening line may be slim and shapely or bouffant. The short, dressy dress is in. The decollete look will continue into the spring and summertime. See Buying Guide on page 33.**

● Short black net evening dress, at left, has white embroidered trim. In five shades. Sizes XSSW to W. About £15/15/-. By Van Roth.

● Apron dress, at right, has matching bolero (not shown). In three shades of silk taffeta. Sizes XSSW to W. About £36. By Lucas.





● Romantic organdie evening dress has posy trim on skirt. In five pastel shades. Sizes XSSW to SW. About £17/17/-. Hedley James signature model by McGinley and Carpenter.



● Full skirt and separate triangular stole in printed cotton. Material range includes 300 designs in three different fabrics. Sizes XSSW to XW. About £4/7/6. Model by Happy Garments.

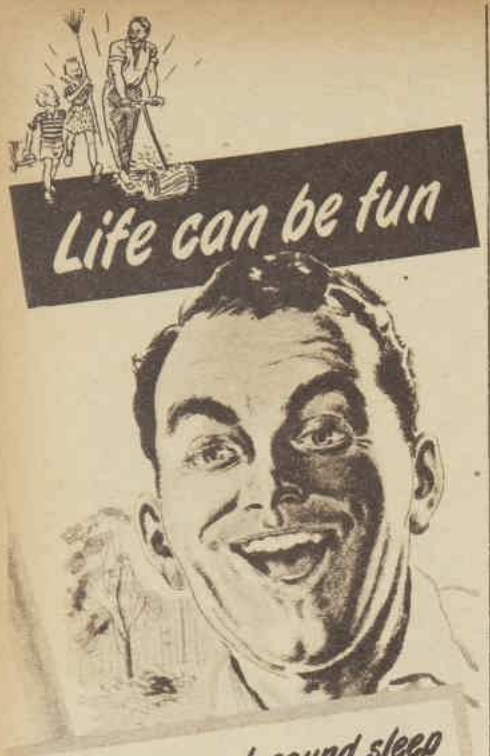


● Floor-length nylon evening dress has full gathered skirt and portrait neckline. Collar can be draped many ways. In three shades. Sizes XSSW to W. About £26. Model by Ecstasy.



● Floral satin halter-neckline dress with draped oval-line skirt. It is worn with a faille coolie coat. Sizes XSSW to W. Dress in florals, £15/15/-; coat in black or navy, £9/19/6. Model by Van Roth.

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WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

for Chest Colds, Chills, Sciatica, Neuritis and Flu!

4W22

BUYING GUIDE

● Here is a page-by-page guide to the clothes shown in our Fashion Supplement. The clothes will be on sale during the coming spring and summer season at the shops listed. They will also be obtainable at country stores and smaller specialty shops.

Consult the department head of the shop concerned as to when the garment you want will be available.

On page 23

● SNOWDROP PRINT, by Cole of California: Sydney, David Jones. Farmer's, Snow's, Anthony Hordern's, Mark Foy's, Cursons, Reynolds; Melbourne, Myer's, Foy & Gibson, Manton's; Brisbane, Players, Finney Isles; Adelaide, Myer's, John Martin; Perth, Boans', Ahern's; Tasmania, Brownells.

● SEASPRITE SUIT, by Scamp: Sydney, David Jones, Cursons, Mark Foy's, Snow's, Anthony Hordern's, McDowells; Melbourne, Myer's, Mantons, Foy & Gibson, George's, Mutual Store, Hicks Atkinson; Brisbane, Players, Allan & Stark, Cursons, T. C. Beirne; Adelaide, Myer's, John Martin, Foy & Gibson, Chas. Birks, Chas. Moore; Perth, Boans', Foy & Gibson, Ahern's, Cox Bros.; Tasmania, Cox Bros.

● ARABESQUE SKIRT SUIT, by Jantzen: List of stores available at Jantzen offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart.

● BEACH SHIRT, by Pacific Chenille Craft: Sydney, David Jones, Farmer's, Mark Foy's, Cursons, Anthony Hordern's, Snow's; Melbourne, Myer's, Foy & Gibson, Mantons, Buckley & Nunn, Ball & Welch, Payne's, Ben Marche; Brisbane, Finney Isles, T. C. Beirne, Edward and Lamb, Allan & Stark, Cursons, Gredden's; Adelaide, Myer's, John Martin, Proprietors, Chas. Birks, Craven's, Chas. Moore; Perth, Ben Marche, Boans', Economic Stores, Foy & Gibson, Ahern's, Chas. Moore; Tasmania, Ambrose's, Brownells, Cox Bros., Fitzgerald's, A. Mather, Palfreyman's.

● COTTON SWIMSUIT, by Black Lance: Sydney, Cursons, Farmer's, Hordern Bros., Mark Foy's; Melbourne, Myer's, Treadways, Mantons; Brisbane, Player's Sportswear; Adelaide, Myer's, Chas. Birks, Cox Bros.; Perth, Ben Marche, Boans', Chas. Moore, Bairds; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's, Shaw's.

● SHARKSKIN 2-PIECE, by Cashen: Sydney, David Jones; Melbourne, Foy & Gibson; not available in other capital cities.

On page 25

● NET EVENING FROCK, by McGinley & Carpenter: Sydney, Cursons, Snow's, Patches; Melbourne, Buckley & Nunn, Manton's, Delphine; Brisbane, Finney Isles; Adelaide, not available; Perth, not available; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's, McKinley's.

● SPRING SUIT, by Stell-Ricks: Sydney, Rondel's, Snow's, Mark Foy's; Melbourne, Myer's, George's, Cann's, Mutual, Norman's of Collins St.; Brisbane, Carlile Malouf; Adelaide, Myer's, Charles Birks, Perth, Shirley's, Carol; Tasmania, not available.

● BOLERO STRAPLESS LINEN FROCK, by Douglas Cox: Sydney, Mark Foy's, Patricia Calpin, W. A. Penny; Melbourne, Du Verne, George's, Myers; Brisbane, T. C. Beirne; Adelaide, John Martins, Chas. Birks, Cox Bros.; Perth, Thompson's; Tasmania, Cox Bros.

● BLOUSE AND SKIRT, by Sportscraft: Sydney, Murdoch's, Farmer's, Anthony Hordern's, Hordern Bros., Harrod's, David Jones; Melbourne, Cann's, Myer's, Mantons, George's, Cox Bros., Ball & Welch; Brisbane, McDonnell & East, Cursons, McWhirters, Macy's Frocks, Jaye's Frock Salon, Jane Engel Salon; Adelaide, Chas. Birks, Cox Bros., Foy & Gibson, Chas. Moore, Myer's, John Martin; Perth, Lane's, Foy & Gibson, Chas. Moore, Boans'; Tasmania, McKinley's, Johnston & Miller, Andrew Mather, Fitzgerald's, Palfreyman's, Shaw's.

● TAILORED DRESS, by Shirtmaker: Sydney, Mark Foy's, Beverley Hills, Courtney's, Cursons, Gillian Gray, Joyce Tarlton; Melbourne, Warland's, George's, Joan Kemp, Hicks Atkinson, Mutual, Elsa Breese Salon; Brisbane, not available; Adelaide, not available; Perth, Boans'; Tasmania, not available.

On page 27

● FLORAL POPLIN FROCK, by Paterson, Laing & Bruce: Sydney, Cursons; Melbourne, not available; Brisbane, Cursons; Adelaide, not available; Perth, not available; Tasmania, not available.

● MULTI-COLORED FLORAL, by Boyce Bros.: Sydney, Winn's, Farmer's, David Jones, Cursons, Grace Bros., Anthony Hordern's, McDowells; Buckley & Nunn, Sharpe Bros., Treadways, Foy & Gibson, Bright & Hitchcocks, Lindsay & McKenzie; Brisbane, McWhirter's, Penney's; Adelaide, John Martin, Myer's; Perth, Carol, Charles Moore; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's.

● COTTON PRINT, A.B.S. Model: Sydney, Hordern Bros., Grace Bros.; Melbourne, Ball & Welch, Buckley & Nunn, Sharpe Bros., De Layne; Brisbane, Allan & Stark, Overells, Fryne & Reid; Adelaide, Myer's, Waxmans; Perth, Boans', Ben Marche, Sorel; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's.

● STRIPED TREE-PRINT, by Le Ray: Sydney, Cursons, Anthony Hordern's, Jouls; Melbourne, Payne's, Ben Marche, Chas. M. Read; Brisbane, Allan & Stark, Fryne & Read, Macy's; Adelaide, Chas. Birks, Peoplestorm, J. Craven, Chas. Moore; Perth, Ben Marche, Sorel, Premier Stores; Tasmania, Brownells.

● STRIPE WITH PLEATED POCKETS, by Three Star: Sydney, David Jones, Farmer's, Cursons, Mark Foy's, Anthony Hordern's; Melbourne, Myer's, Foy & Gibson, Mutual Stores, Mantons, Rockmans; Brisbane, Rockmans, The Vogue, Cursons; Adelaide, Myer's; Perth, Boans, Bairds, Economic Stores, Foy & Gibson, Aherns; Tasmania, Brownells, Mathers.

● PRINTED SHANTUNG SUIT, by Restoll: Sydney, David Jones, Farmer's, McDowell's, Cursons, Snow's, Mark Foy's; Melbourne, Mantons, Myer's; Brisbane, T. C. Beirne, Overells, Calvins, Allan & Stark, Barry & Roberts, Ronnie McMahon; Adelaide, Charles Moore, Myer's; Perth, Corot, Boans'; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's.

On page 28

● LINEN SUIT, by Dominex: Sydney, Mark Foy's, H. Evans, McCathie's; Melbourne, Cann's, Mutual Store, George's, Foy & Gibson, Buckley & Nunn, Maples; Brisbane, Overells, Finney Isles; Adelaide, Miller Anderson, Cox Bros., Chas. Moore; Perth, Thompson's Frock Shop, Ahern's, Boans', Foy & Gibson, Ben Marche, Cox Bros.; Tasmania, A. Mather, Johnston & Miller.

● COLORED BORDER FROCK, by Boyce Bros.: Sydney, Cursons, David Jones, Farmer's, Grace Bros., Anthony Hordern's, McDowells, Winn's; Melbourne, Myer's, Mantons, Treadways, Foy & Gibson, Bright & Hitchcocks, Lindsay & McKenzie; Brisbane, McWhirters, Penney's; Adelaide, John Martin, Myer's; Perth, Corot, Chas. Moore; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's.

● VOILE FROCK, by Adelyn: Sydney, David Jones; Melbourne, Myer's, Mantons, Ball & Welch, Cann's, Treadways, Payne's, Ben Marche; Brisbane, T. C. Beirne, Overells, Cursons, Edwards & Lamb, Barry & Roberts, McDonnell & East; Adelaide, Myer's, John Martin; Perth, Boans', Foy & Gibson, Ben Marche, Bairds; Tasmania, Wallace Bros., Jeanerette.

● POPLIN CHECK, by Paterson, Laing & Bruce: Sydney, Cursons; Melbourne, not available; Brisbane, Cursons; Adelaide, Perth, and Tasmania not available.

● BOLERO HALTER, by Three Star: Sydney, David Jones, Farmer's, Cursons, Mark Foy's, Anthony Hordern's; Melbourne, Myer's, Foy & Gibson, Mutual Stores, Mantons, Rockmans; Brisbane, Rockman's, The Vogue, Cursons; Adelaide, Myer's; Perth, Boans', Bairds, Economic Stores, Foy & Gibson, Aherns; Tasmania, Brownells, Mathers.

● SPOTTED SHANTUNG, by Lucas: Sydney, Paul's, Mark Foy's, Bonwit's, Gwen Johnston, Hordern Bros.; Melbourne, Ball & Welch, George's; Brisbane, Paul's; Adelaide, Myer's; Perth, Foy & Gibson, Aherns, Shirley's; Tasmania, not available.

On page 29

● WASHING FLORAL COTTON, by Pfeiffer: Sydney, A. J. Benjamin, Ann's Knitwear, Sports Lazzar; Melbourne, not available; Brisbane, Finney Isles, Macy's, Vogue Salon; Adelaide, Chas. Birks, David Murray, Waxmans; Perth, Boans', Carol, Rene Robes; Tasmania, not available.

● FRONT-BUTTONING COTTON, by Bookallil: Sydney, Farmer's, Cursons, Grace Bros., Murdoch's, Snow's, Anthony Hordern's; Melbourne, Myer's, Rockmans, Treadway, Mantons, Foy & Gibson, Chas. M. Read; Brisbane, Vogue Salon, McWhirters, Rockmans, McDonnell & East, Barry & Roberts, Cribb & Foote; Adela de, Myer's, Foy & Gibson, John Martin's, Chas. Birks, Cox Bros., Chas. Moore; Perth, Sorel, Corot, Chas. Moore, Foy & Gibson, Boans', Susan Spiers; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's, Brownells.

● GINGHAM, by Latool & Calil: Sydney, Buckingham's; Melbourne, Myer's, Paines, Sharpe Bros.; Brisbane, Barry & Roberts, McDonnell & East, T. C. Beirne; Adelaide, Myer's, Chas. Moore, John Martin; Perth, not available; Tasmania, not available.

● BOLERO SUN-FROCK, by Sabinx: Sydney, Farmer's, Cursons, Hordern Bros.; Melbourne Myer's, Foy & Gibson, Ball & Welch, Darrads, Sharpe Bros.; Brisbane, Finney Isles, Allan & Stark, Cursons, Marcia Gowns, McDonnell & East, Falks; Adelaide, Miller Andrews, Foy & Gibson, Waxmans, Lane's Frock Shop, Peggy's Frocks, Astra; Perth, Corot, William Smith, Carlse, Susan Spiers, Rene Robes, Mazette; Tasmania, not available.

● WAFFLE PIQUE, by W. O. Reed: Sydney, The Hub, McDowells; Melbourne, Myer's; Brisbane, McWhirters, McDonnell & East, Penneys; Adelaide, not available; Perth, Boans', Foy & Gibson; Tasmania, Helton's, Shirley Modes, Burnie, Ambrose's.

● FRENCH GINGHAM, by Sphinx: Sydney, Farmer's, Cursons, Hordern Bros.; Melbourne, Sharpe Bros., Myer's, Foy & Gibson, Ball & Welch, Darrads; Brisbane, Falks, Finney Isles, Allan & Stark, Cursons, Marcia Gowns, McDonnell & East; Adelaide, Astra, Miller Anderson, Foy & Gibson, Waxmans, Lane's Frock Shop, Peggy's Frocks; Perth, Corot, Wm. Smith, Carlse, Susan Spiers, Rene Robes, Mazette; Tasmania, not available.

On page 30

● SHORT ORGANDIE EVENING DRESS, by Douglas Cox: Sydney, David Jones, Cursons; Melbourne, George's, Hicks Atkinson; Brisbane, Finney Isles; Adelaide, John Martin's, Kathlyn Hecker; Perth, Thompson's; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's.

● PIQUE EVENING DRESS, by dotti laughlin: Sydney, McCathie's, David Jones, Mark Foy's, Cursons, Anthony Hordern's; Melbourne, Cox Bros., Myer's, George's, Foy & Gibson, Hicks Atkinson, Cann's; Brisbane, Fryers, Allan & Stark, T. C. Beirne, Finney Isles; Adelaide, Foy & Gibson, Kathlyn Hecker, Myer's, Chas. Moore; Perth, Foy & Gibson, Ahern's, Premier Stores; Tasmania, Cox Bros., Delphine, Fashion House, Brownell's.

● COTTON FARM STRIPE, by Douglas Cox: Sydney, Mark Foy's, Hordern Bros., Cursons, Farmer's, Coralie Stephens; Melbourne, Mutual Store, Du Verns Salon, George's, Myer's, Manton's, Cox Bros.; Brisbane, T. C. Beirne; Adelaide, Charles Birks, Cox Bros., Kathlyn Hecker; Perth, Ahern's, Cox Bros.; Tasmania, Cox Bros.

● NYLON FROCK, by A.B.S.: Sydney, Hordern Bros., Grace Bros.; Melbourne, Ball & Welch, Buckley & Nunn, Sharpe Bros., De Layne; Brisbane, Allan & Stark, Overells, Fryne & Reid; Adelaide, Myer's, Waxman's; Perth, Boans', Ben Marche, Sorel; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's.

● COTTON BOLERO FROCK, by dotti laughlin: Sydney, McCathie's, David Jones, Snow's, Mark Foy's, Cursons, Anthony Hordern's; Melbourne, Cox Bros., Myer's, George's, Foy & Gibson, Hicks Atkinson, Cann's; Brisbane, Dercta, Allan & Stark, T. C. Beirne, Finney Isles; Adelaide, Foy & Gibson, Kathlyn Hecker, Myer's, Charles Moore; Perth, Foy & Gibson, Ahern's, Premier Stores; Tasmania, Cox Bros., Delphine, Fashion House, Brownell's.



This year make a beauty of yourself — make Charmosan the secret of your loveliness.

Use Charmosan Cold Cream, a rich cleansing cream that penetrates the pores of the skin, removes make-up, dust and impurities.

Only a minute or two daily will accomplish a fresher, softer, brighter complexion—a really lovelier you.

Charmosan Cold Cream to guard you against Winter—make you prettier for Spring.

Remember, too, Charmosan Vanishing Cream Charmosan Face Powder

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● At all Guild Chemists and Leading Stores.

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As a baby you had a beautiful skin, but what's happened to it now?

Your mother probably used Cuticura, because all mothers agree that only the mildest and gentlest of soaps is good enough for baby—and that's Cuticura. Keep the peerless, unblemished complexion of youth by using mildly medicated Cuticura Soap now. The simplest beauty treatment of all is—Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, Cuticura All-Purpose Talcum.

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Use "Glint" for windows, just wipe on "Glint" and wipe off dirt.



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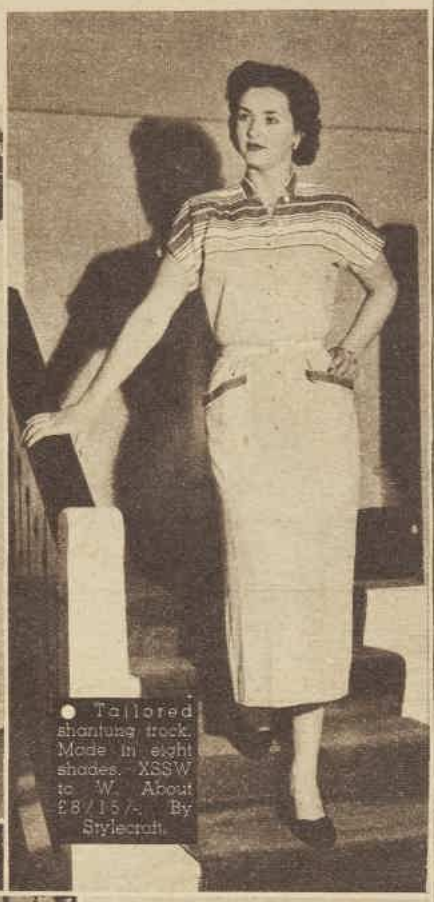
A Kiwi Product — just as good as it's namesake—KIWI SHOE POLISH

Slim Silhouette

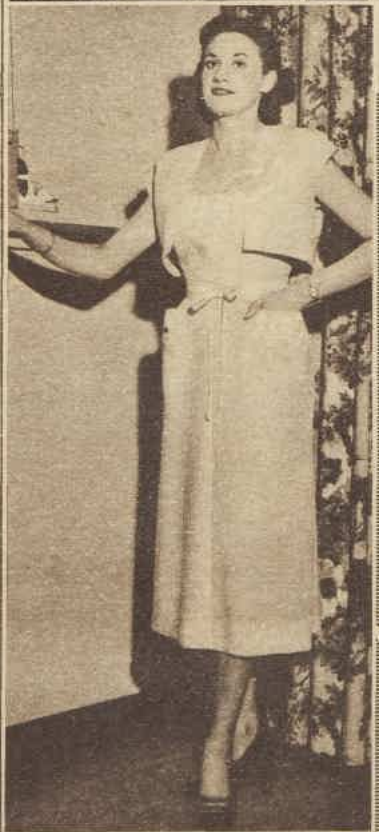
SIMPLICITY is the keynote of the three dresses shown below. *(See Buying Guide this page.)*



● Sleeveless shantung frock. In three colored stripes. SSW to W. About £9/-/-. By dotti laughlin.



● Tailored shantung frock. Made in eight shades. XSSW to W. About £8/15/-. By Stylecraft.



● Linen frock has matching bolero. The skirt has a slim line. In five shades. XSSW to W. About £13/-/-. By Hascona.

BUYING GUIDE

On page 31

● SHORT BLACK NET, by Van Roth: Sydney, Snow's, David Jones, Way's, Hordern Bros., Grace Bros.; Melbourne, Buckley & Nunn, Hicks Atkinson, Foy & Gibson, Cox Bros., Ball & Welch, Patches; Brisbane, Allan & Stark, Finney Isles; Adelaide, Miller Anderson, John Martin, Cox Bros., Foy & Gibson, Myer's; Perth, Boans', Foy & Gibson, Bon Marche, Chas. Moore; Tasmania, Cox Bros., Blackwood Lowe, Wallace Bros., Brownells, A. Mather.

● APRON DRESS, by Lucas: Sydney, Paul's, Mark Foy's, Gwen Johnston; Melbourne, George's, Ball & Welch; Brisbane, Paul's Frocks; Adelaide, Myer's; Perth, Bon Marche; Tasmania, not available.

● ORGANDIE WITH POSY TRIM, by McGinley & Carpenter: Sydney, Snow's, Curzons, Willis Frock Salon, Ray Farmer Creations, Claudia; Melbourne, George's, Delphine Exclusive Gowns; Brisbane, Finney Isles, Miss Kerr, Maryanne Frock Salon; Adelaide, not available; Perth, Foy & Gibson; Tasmania, Fitzgerald's, McKinley's.

● STOLE AND SKIRT, by Happy Garments: Sydney, Anthony Hordern's, David Jones, Curzons; Melbourne, Ball & Welch, Myer's, Cox Bros.; Brisbane, Curzons; Adelaide, Chas. Moore Reed, Chas. Birk, Myer's, Cox Bros., Foy & Gibson; Perth, Foy & Gibson, Ahern's; Tasmania, A. Mather, J. T. Sandy, Cox Bros.

● NYLON FROCK, by Ecstasy: Sydney, David Jones, Farmer's, Hordern Bros.; Melbourne, Mutual; Brisbane, not available; Adelaide, John Martin; Perth, Ahern's, Thompsons; Tasmania, not available.

● FLORAL FROCK, FAILLE COAT, by Van Roth: Sydney, Snow's, David Jones, Way's, Hordern Bros., Grace Bros.; Melbourne, Buckley & Nunn, Hicks Atkinson, Foy & Gibson, Cox Bros., Ball & Welch, Patches; Brisbane, Allan & Stark, Finney Isles; Adelaide, Miller Anderson, John Martin, Cox Bros., Foy & Gibson, Myer's; Perth, Boans', Foy & Gibson, Bon Marche, Chas. Moore; Tasmania, Cox Bros., Blackwood Lowe, Wallace Bros., Brownells, A. Mather.

On page 33

● STRIPED SHANTUNG, by dotti laughlin: Sydney, McArthur's, David Jones, Snow's, Mark Foy's, Curzons, Anthony Hordern's; Melbourne, Cox Bros., Myer's, George's, Foy & Gibson, Hicks Atkinson, Caun's; Brisbane, Dereta, Allan & Stark, T. C. Beirne, Finney Isles; Adelaide, Foy & Gibson, Kathlyn Hecker, Myer's, Charles Moore; Perth, Foy & Gibson, Ahern's, Premier Stores; Tasmania, Cox Bros., Delphine, Fashion House, Brownell's.

● LINEN BOLERO FROCK, by Hascona: Sydney, Paul's, Snow's; Melbourne, Elizabeth Lane, Susan Bishop; Brisbane, Finney Isles, Vogue; Adelaide, Miller Anderson, Kathlyn Hecker; Perth, Shirley's; Tasmania, Gwendoline Walker.

● STRIPED SHANTUNG, by Stylecraft: Sydney, Murdoch's; Melbourne, Cox Bros., Vi Ellis; Brisbane, Helen Humphreys, French Salon, Allan & Stark; Adelaide, Cox Bros., Miller Anderson, Judell's, Chas. Birks; Perth, Cox Bros.; Tasmania, Cox Bros.



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After any effort and exercise you need hot Oxo—to put back energy and strength: the strength of Beef.

And OXO soothes the nerves and gives you restful sleep.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL UP-TO-DATE GROCERS

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Your dentist will tell you...

"Some teeth are lost through decay.. but EVEN MORE through gum troubles."



S.R. Toothpaste does much more than help stop decay—

IT PROTECTS YOUR GUMS

It is not enough to use a toothpaste or powder that merely helps stop decay. Your gums must be protected, too. S.R. Toothpaste is especially prepared both to help stop decay and *protect your gums*. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, an ingredient often used for the treatment of unhealthy gums. For sparkling teeth in firm, *healthy gums*, use S.R. Toothpaste.



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Provocative and gay, Jicky is worn where beauty and elegance go hand in hand.

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When it comes to colour, the modernists have nothing on the new FERGUSON screen prints and FERGUSON printed rayons that have just arrived from England. As richly patterned . . . and as excitingly different . . . as a group of Van Gogh originals. each dress length is unusually beautiful . . . even for FERGUSONS. In limited supply, unfortunately, but well worth trying for at the material counter of your favourite store . . .

Illustrated is one of the new FERGUSON Sbaaray Prints. Ask also for Carlospun rayons or Jessamy Bemberg rayon. All FERGUSON quality. All fully guaranteed.

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1 **TIPPING** horses in Florida, slick Broadway operator the Lemon Drop Kid (Bob Hope) strikes trouble when, through his advice, gangster Moose Moran (Fred Clark) loses a large sum.



2 **MISERABLE** when Moose allows him only until Christmas Day to pay, the Kid returns to Broadway. Knowing Moose, news vendor Nellie Thursday (Jane Darwell) would help, but needs savings to enter old folks' home.

THE LEMON DROP KID



FOLLOWING on their success with "Sorrowful Jones," producer Robert Welch and director Sidney Lanfield again use a Damon Runyon story as a vehicle for Bob Hope's comedy in Paramount's "The Lemon Drop Kid."

Despite changes which screen adaptation have caused in the original story, the inimitable Runyon style again persists in the Broadway setting and in the colorful characters who people the film.

Such delightful personalities as "Sam the Surgeon," "Straight Flush," "Gloomy Willie," and "Second-Card Tony" join with "The Lemon Drop Kid," as portrayed by Bob Hope, to keep the action moving along.



3 **ARRESTED** collecting in the street, the Kid learns that funds can be raised only for charity.

4 **APPROVAL** of Brainy Baxter (Marilyn Maxwell) is won by the Kid when he collects money to provide home for Nellie, who has been barred from home for the aged.





5 **REALISING** that the Kid means to use money for his debt to Moose, nightclub owner Oxford Charley (Lloyd Nolan) disillusions Brainy and Nellie. But his purpose in doing so is to hi-jack the money himself.

6 **HAPPILY,** Brainy agrees to marry the Kid when, undergoing a change of heart, he stops Charley from stealing the money and returns it to Nellie. Police are called in to deal with Charley and Moose.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *The Mudlark*

A DISTINGUISHED British-American cast headed by Irene Dunne enacting the role of Queen Victoria appears in "The Mudlark," the command performance technicolor production from 20th Century-Fox.

Aim and object of the film is to infuse a light, human touch into British historical narrative. Although "The Mudlark" is good in all the aspects of accurate, authentic presentation of period, costumes, and sets, it does not scale up to the objective.

The screenplay has Alec Guinness and young Andrew Ray in the other two major roles of Prime Minister Disraeli and a ragamuffin named Wheeler.

In the title role, Andrew Ray proves himself to be both the hero of the piece and such an admirable little actor that it is hard to imagine any other youngster as Cockney Wheeler.

As this story goes, at the time when Queen Victoria is in bereaved seclusion at Windsor Castle, the boy finds a miniature of Her Majesty in dockside mud and goes to see her.

Sidestepping sentries and guards, he sneaks into the Castle and thereby creates two major incidents — one within the Castle and the other in the House of Commons.

Obliterated under the weight of the clothes, mask, and character of Victoria, Irene Dunne presents a dignified picture of the Queen.

Alec Guinness fares better in suggesting the quick-witted politician and suave courtier who was Mr. Disraeli, but rises to notable heights only in his impassioned appeal to the House of Commons for improved social legislation.

In Sydney—Embassy.

★★ *The Great Caruso*

M.G.M.'s "The Great Caruso" pays more attention to music and first-rate production than to authentic incidents in the life of the great Italian tenor Enrico Caruso.

Although the film story is allegedly based on Dorothy Caruso's biography of her famous husband, it turns out to be a feeble and sugary affair that never conveys much sense of any other character but that of star Mario Lanza.

Musically the film provides a generous feast of excerpts from well-known Italian operas such as "La Boheme," "Aida," and "Pagliacci"; it also introduces to film audiences soprano Dorothy Kirsten, and in opera montages Jarmila Novotna and Blanche Thebom.

Ebullient Mario Lanza is in unusually good voice, and also seems about as close a physical replica as one could get to Enrico Caruso.

In Sydney—St. James, Liberty.

OTHER RELEASES:

★ "YOUNG MAN OF MUSIC" (Warners), starring Kirk Douglas, Doris Day, and Lauren Bacall, is the drama of the rise and downfall of an interpretative musician. Music by Harry James. In Sydney—Mayfair.

"WHERE DANGER LIVES," R.K.O.'s chase film, starring Robert Mitchum, newcomer Faith Domergue, and Claude Rains. In Sydney—Esquire.



Cashmere Bouquet's bride of the month is blonde Meryl Jones, who married Marc La Delle in a romantic frock of white lace over chalk-white satin. Her plaited satin coronet was encrusted with pearls.

Meryl is a well-known model, and her complexion owes its flawless loveliness to Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder—equally perfect under the searching studio lights or outdoors. Give your skin this bridal perfection!



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FACE POWDER
WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE
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ALL PERMS STAY FRESHER... LAST LONGER

just 3 simple steps

All permanent waves, whether salon coiffures or home treatments, will last longer and stay fresher when you "damp-set" your hair with Velmol. A Velmol "Damp-set" works on any hair-do in just 4 minutes, and because it prolongs hair glamour, hairdressing actually costs less. Here's how to preserve your next perm.

1. *Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it.*
2. *Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair.*
3. *Arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb just as you like it.*

You'll be delighted how your hair gleams with soft sheen; how silky-soft and natural-looking it stays. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for



Velmol
"DAMP-SET"
An inexpensive technique that keeps waves in place.



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is "a movie fan."
Every boy is a half-built man,
Every boy of the "make-good" sort
Sticks to study as well as sport.
Every boy with a healthy brain
Will greet a sneak with a boy's disdain.
Every boy with a cold, be sure,
Barracks for **Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.**

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Pearl-textured, silky-smooth lotion, instantly absorbed, to keep your hands delicately feminine always.



MICHEL CAKE MAKE-UP
Gives flawless beauty to your skin, and stays on smoothly, indoors or out. Peche, Pink Spice, Sun Tan.

YOU *WILL* BELIEVE IN MAGIC ... when you see the miraculous way Michel accents your natural loveliness. Vibrant, glowing colour to brighten the beauty of your lips ... colour that stays smooth and satiny hour after hour ... for Michel Lipstick is made to *stay on longer*. Then complete the picture of you at your radiant best, with harmonising Michel Cosmetics for your hands, your skin, your eyes ... all keyed in colour to your Michel Lipstick ... all perfumed with the *exclusive* Michel fragrance.



MICHEL CREAM MAKE-UP
No water needed ... easily applied with fingertips for a satiny make-up. Peche, Pink Spice, Sun Tan.

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Amapola, Blonde, Cherry, Cyclamen, Mariposa, Pink Spice, Raspberry, Scarlet, Vivid.

'STAY ON LONGER'



MICHEL FACE POWDER
So fine it blends invisibly with your skin, creating a rose-bloom finish. Exquisitely perfumed. Six natural skin-tones ... Peche, Rachel, Rose Beige, Rose Natural, Sun Tan, Tropic.



MICHEL ROUGE
Smooths on easily to add a natural glow of colour, and stays on longer. Cyclamen, Pink Spice, Raspberry.



MICHEL MASCARA
To dramatise the colour of your eyes. Clings to each lash, won't "cake" or smear. Black or Brown.

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A drap o' Scotch

Scottish tartans lend color and gaiety to R.K.O.'s internationally flavored "His Kind Of Woman," which is set in Mexico, and to "On The Riviera" (Fox) where the location is southern France.



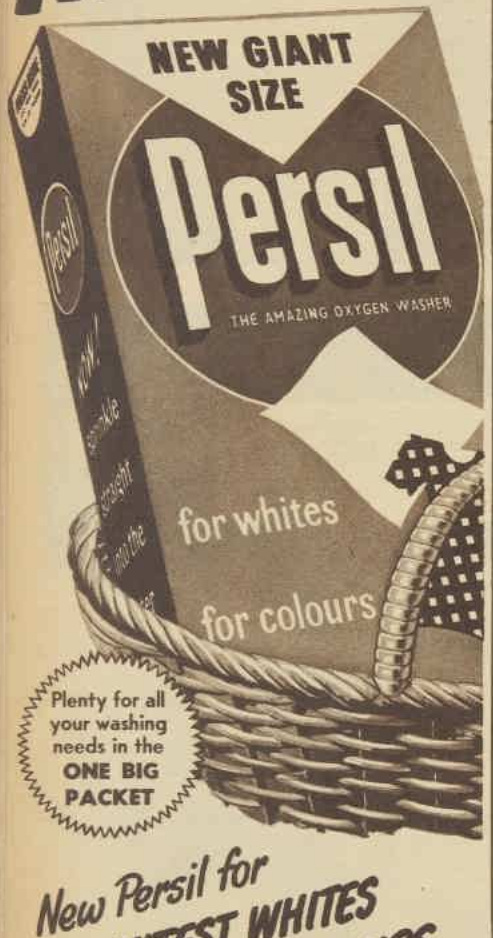
PLAID dinner-jacket worn by Vincent Price on the set of "His Kind of Woman" (at right) wins the approval of co-star Jane Russell. Robert Mitchum's mixed feelings are as obvious as his preference for casual attire.



TARTAN REGALIA accentuates the bright thread of Danny Kaye humor suggested in this scene from "On the Riviera," in which the comedian and Corinne Calvet present a night-club act with a Scottish theme.

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ARE YOU USING NEW PERSIL YET?

P.46.WW142g

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A slim silhouette with important sleeves is a new incoming fashion I have suggested for a reader who intends to be married in a simple afternoon dress.

SHE writes: "I would be grateful if you would give me a pretty style for a simple afternoon dress in which I could be married. The wedding guests will be only my family, and I will not even be carrying flowers. I have my material—a lovely sheer wool in a nice shade of pink."

Your pink sheer would look enchanting with a black velvet ribbon trim. For the design (see sketch at right), I suggest a slim line with important sleeves—this is a very new silhouette. Note that the ribbon trim on the sleeves is repeated for the waistbelt. A further suggestion: As you are not carrying flowers, wear an artificial carnation in a deeper shade than the dress tucked into the belt.



PINK SHEER WOOL with black velvet ribbon trim.

Velvet trims

"I HAVE mid-blonde coloring, and as I am planning a new outfit and I fancy grey, I wondered if this color is still being worn much. Would also like an idea for a simple little trimming for my winter suit, which is navy-blue wool crepe."

Grey has never been more popular, and pearl, smoky, and dark elephant shades will all be seen around for spring. Velvet is my suggestion as a trim for your suit. Used in narrow bands or pipings on collar, revers, cuffs, and pocket edges, it still looks chic and new.

Veils for spring

"WILL veiling be used on hats for the coming spring season?"

Yes, once again hat veiling is in the news. A wide mesh worn over the eyes is new for late day hats—perhaps even newer is this type of coarse veil minus a hat. The latter idea has been sponsored by the Duchess of Windsor, who recently wore a mesh veil 2½ inches in width (it just comfortably covered her eyes) tied neatly at the back of the head. The Duchess wore the veil with a suit. Another new veiling fashion is the veil that covers the whole face and ties in a knot or bow at the nape of the neck. The latter looks best with a classic shape, such as a bowler, tailor, or pillbox, and is extra smart when the hat is white and the veil colored.

Reversible coat

"WOULD you please tell me if there is any sort of coat I could have made that would look suitable to wear with day and evening clothes?"

The reversible coat, wool on one side and faille or silk taffeta on the other, gives a daytime and evening coat in one. This type of coat is best made in black or very dark navy or dark violet, and best made on loose lines.

U.S. favorite

"IN last week's Dress Sense you suggested a coat for a woman of forty. I wondered if you could also help me with a between-seasons coat. I am only 20, and want something bright, new, and casual that could be worn over all my other clothes. Please suggest material, color for the coat, and color for the lining. I like American designs."

My suggestion for your coat is heavy linen or rayon linen made in a color that tones best with the garments you already have in your wardrobe. Have the coat cut on loose lines—it will be younger and more casual—buttoned up to a smallish turn-over collar. Have the sleeves finished at below elbow-length with very large, turned-back shaped cuffs matched to large patch pockets on the skirt. This type of coat has had great success in the States. Color suggestions: apricot coat, black lining; burnt-orange coat, chocolate lining; violet coat, sky-blue lining; shrimp-pink coat, tiny black-and-white check lining.

Wedding colors

"I WOULD be so grateful for your assistance in choosing a color scheme for my two bridesmaids. I want the girls—they are both under 20—to be dressed alike in a pastel toning. The wedding will be next spring."

The palest blue marquisette worn with a white lilac cap or pink tulle with a small pink rosebud cap is, I think, a pretty suggestion for a springtime wedding. The newest floral caps are made with irregular edges, high cut at the back, with slightly rounded points made to hug the temples in front. A further suggestion—why not have the girls carry muffs to replace the usual floral bouquet?

● If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian's Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 54.

"MYRNA"

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

MYRNA: A beautiful four-piece trousseau set made in rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice includes white, pale pink, sky-blue, lemon, and nil.

Ready To Wear: Nightgown, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 62/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 64/6. Slip, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/9. Bed-jacket, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 33/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 35/9. Scanties, sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 21/3; 30 and 32in. waist, 24/3.

Cut Out Only: Nightgown, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 45/6. Slip, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/6. Bed-jacket, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 25/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/9. Scanties, sizes 24½, 26 and 28in. waist, 15/6; 30 and 32in. waist, 17/9.

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The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store right away.

A51

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The Shades Will Not Vanish

As he turned to his wife, James' voice was eager. "Mary," he said, "I—would you care to help me this morning? I think I'm getting over this—this self-consciousness or whatever it is, and I've been a perfect pest to Joady lately. I think I'll soon be able to manage things better by myself, but would you just help me a bit?"

"Yes, of course." Mary took up her brush and began to brush her hair swiftly, so that he couldn't see her face. At last, at last he's coming back to me. Thank God—and you, Adrian. It's you who have done this for me . . . But James wouldn't want effusiveness. She managed to speak in an ordinary tone.

"I'm awfully glad, James. Will you come to breakfast this morning?"

"I'd like to try it," he said uncertainly. "You don't think—with the lad here—the girls would be embarrassed, do you?"

"I'm perfectly certain they wouldn't be," she answered calmly. "It's been a bit lonely without you at mealtimes, you know."

.

Joady tied the end of a long white plait with a tiny piece of tape and then rapidly twisted both plaits at the back of her head.

Her face was troubled and thoughtful, and she felt none of the brisk delight in starting a new day, which usually sent her singing down to the kitchen, especially on such a perfect morning as this.

There's trouble, she thought, there's trouble, and none of them can see it. It's not that I don't like him; he's a nice lad—but there's something awful hidden in him.

Somehow, she'd always known when trouble was looming: even when some one of them had been getting sick, she'd always known before any symptoms appeared; and that time when Megan had pitched over the handle-bars of her bike and had broken her ankle, she had known.

And this boy . . . as soon as he'd entered the house she'd felt sick with fright, and she still felt sick. And she couldn't tell anybody.

Wait—what about Anthea? She had her head screwed on, had Anthea, and a more sympathetic girl you couldn't imagine. Strong, too. Well, if she could get Anthea alone a minute to-day . . .

.

Anthea lay and wondered at the mood in which she had awakened. She felt extraordinarily relaxed. As always, her mind was aware of anxiety, but this morning it could be pushed into the background.

The telling of her story to Paul last night had done this wonderful thing for her. It was as if she had undergone some purifying process, as if, by revealing her rottenness, she had begun to cleanse and heal it.

She turned over on her side and lay facing the windows; usually if she lingered in bed for ten minutes, her head would throb and pound with the distressed pulsing of her blood, but this morning she could lie here calmly, checking over in her mind the day's activities.

Paul was coming at eleven to see the children. She must ring Mannering, the lawyer—and James wanted to see her to-day. This evening there was the welcome home social for some of Ambara's returned men, at the Progress Hall, and she had promised to help with the supper.

A busy day, filled with pleasant, uneventful duties—except, of course, telephoning Mannering; but she felt quietly confident in her ability to deal with this matter now.

.

As soon as she rose from her bed Madeleine Croft knelt down beside it and prayed; she did this every morning now, instead of only at night, and sometimes during the day she would come up to her quiet little bedroom and pray for Martin.

She felt inexpressibly comforted when she had talked to God and, though Martin showed no improvement, yet surely, as her fervor increased, if she became truly worthy of God's indulgence, surely then He would help her with Martin; but He'd have to answer her prayers quickly; if Martin was no beter when his father came home, then she knew there was no escape for any of them.

Disaster would engulf them swiftly, for George was hard with the boy, had been even when he was tiny, and George despised her methods of managing Martin. Whatever would happen if George whipped Martin? She forced her mind back to her prayers.

"He's only a little child, God dear," she said earnestly.

"Give me the strength and the understanding to help him, God, so that he will become kind and gentle to me and to all your other creatures. And especially, God," she added hurriedly, "please, please let him have forgotten about the knife, when I go in to wake him—please, please."

As she thought, with dread, about the knife, she heard herself saying, "Please, please" over and over again, and she forced herself to end the prayer somewhat hurriedly.

She tried not to get her left hand wet under the shower, for fear the adhesive tape would peel off, but it was hard to manage. It was a deep cut and it still hurt; it was throbbing, now that she had begun to use her hand, but she didn't mind the pain; it was the fear of what she had to face to-day that troubled her most.

Still, she had been wonderfully firm last night, and to-day she would persevere, she would not give Martin the knife again—great ugly thing that it was.

As she dried herself with difficulty, she remembered, shudderingly, the look on his face when she had refused to give it to him. She had hidden it, locked it in a drawer and hidden the key under the paper in her dressing-table, and when she had told him that he couldn't have it back, he had just looked at her silently and he had not looked at all like a child for the moment.

How much easier it had been when he had had tantrums! She had worried terribly then, but now it was much worse, for he never showed any of the usual childish signs of temper; he was just cold and silent and then he would do some dreadful thing, suddenly and stealthily.

That was how he had cut her with the knife; she had been sewing, listening to the music on the wireless and, soundlessly, he had appeared beside her chair and gashed her hand with the knife. She had screamed and seized the knife—and she recalled, with a sick feeling, the horrid, scrambling run to the bedroom, slamming the door shut on him, hiding the knife and then the key.

Of course she knew why he had done it—because she had taken the little kitten back to Mrs. Watts. Martin had brought it home yesterday and had hidden it behind the old boxes in the garage, but it had mewed so loudly that she had found it.

This sort of thing had happened several times; Martin was always bringing animals home, but, of course, she couldn't let him keep them, because he did terrible, horrible things to them, and she knew it was bad for him to have them; so she had taken the kitten back to Mrs. Watts—fortunately she'd guessed where it had come from, and Mrs. Watts had been very grateful, and had not asked her any questions.

She was always so afraid that people would know or guess about Martin, would talk about him and exaggerate his weakness; for, of course, he would grow out of it; all small boys had this strain of cruelty in them and it was only because Martin had had no father to guide him and she was not a very wise person that he was a little worse than the others.

But she had been a little afraid to tell him what she had done and she'd pretended gaily that the kitten must have strayed out of the garage. He had said nothing at the time,

Continued from page 11

had shown little interest in the matter, but then, when she was sitting there quietly, thinking he was in bed, he'd done this dreadful thing to her.

It was the worst thing he had ever done to her, and she had felt really frightened of him; that was where she was so silly to be frightened of her own little boy, a child of thirteen. She had gone back to him and talked gently to him, tried to make him see what a dreadful thing he had done. She had talked and talked, and when she stopped, he said: "Where's my knife?"

It was then she had taken the really firm stand. "I'm not going to give it to you, Martin," she had said. "It's dangerous for you—you might hurt yourself. And you've been naughty, cruel to your mother . . ."

"If you don't give it back to me"—his almost black eyes stared at her, making her tremble more violently—"I'll do something worse to you. When you're not expecting it."

"Now, Martin darling, you mustn't talk like that. I will not give you the knife. Daddy would be furious if I did. Now, come to bed and we'll pretend that none of this nasty thing has happened, shall we?"

When she had bent over to kiss him good-night, he had said, lying on his side in his bed: "I want that knife to-morrow."

It had been after three o'clock when she had fallen asleep, and this morning her eyes were red and swollen from the hours of helpless weeping. She'd have to bathe her eyes because she would have to go down to the village this morning, and people were always so eager to gossip, and she was always afraid that some busybody would interfere and get Martin into some serious trouble.

There had been a few difficult situations: there had been an awful scene with that Scott man and his slatternly wife.

The pair of them had come to her door one night and had shouted at her, threatened her with the Children's Court, said that Martin was an uncontrollable child, and that they'd have him put in a reformatory, all because of some story one of their dirty little boys had told them of things Martin had said and done to him while they were playing in the creek.

Oh, they had said the most unmentionable things — and she'd just said quietly: "Please remember that Martin is just a little boy, not an evil, grown-up man, and he knows nothing of such things."

"Little boy nothing," the man had shouted. "That boy's a devil, and if he ever comes near my kids again I'll flay the hide off him . . ."

It had been a dreadful scene, and she had been in a nervous tremble for days after it, and she knew the wretched creature had spread his wicked lies about Martin.

And there had been other things, too. She hadn't been able to be friends with Major Anstey since something had happened to some love-birds, which were his wife's pets.

MAJOR ANSTEY had insisted that Martin had done this thing. His mother knew, of course, that he hadn't, but she had never liked to go to the Ansteys' again, and Margaret Anstey had been a good friend to her.

In fact, she had withdrawn more and more from the people she had known during these last two years; she had even told Mrs. King, who used to come for a few hours each day in the house, that she wouldn't need her any more, and, since the lies had spread more widely about Martin, she had kept him away from the children round about, so that now they lived very much to themselves.

Martin had not been to school since the trouble at the prep. school at Christmas, but after Easter she must make arrangements for another school.

George would be angry about his having missed nearly a term, but he didn't understand how sensitive Martin was.

He certainly wouldn't realise how much the unsympathetic treatment Martin had received at the school had upset him, and how much he had needed this little rest at home with her, though it hadn't been as successful, yet, as she'd hoped it would be.

Perhaps she should have taken the headmaster's advice and consulted a psychiatrist, but she was afraid of these people, for they were always so much inclined to suspect abnormalities and insanity; that was how they'd driven Mother . . .

Please turn to page 40

Lunch With A Lady

JUST as they were almost at the corner, several things happened suddenly and simultaneously. A boy and a dog appeared at the bend, the dog on a string lead. There was a brief argument as to which way the two should go, and the boy, desiring to underline his wishes, kicked the dog.

At almost the same moment Camilla raised her handbag and brought it down with beautiful accuracy on the boy's head. The sight of her, lips firm, weapon at the ready, was too much for his courage; with a yell of rage he turned and fled down the street.

Camilla dusted her handbag. Her manner, Roger saw, was once more one of calm abstractedness.

"If you'd waited a minute," he said, "I could have kicked the little blighter for you. Where did the dog go?"

Camilla had lost interest in the dog and its owner.

"I'm hungry," she said.

Roger's ears caught sounds of alarm.

"The enemy's bringing up reinforcements," he said. "Mum and Dad and a couple of the neighbors, from the sound of it. Let's get out of this."

They entered the restaurant only a second before the pursuit reached the scene of violence. Seated with Camilla at a table in an alcove, Roger waited until the clatter of footsteps had died away. He looked across at Camilla and saw that she had disappeared behind an enormous menu. He drew it away gently.

"Remember me?" he asked.

"I can't read it," said Camilla.

"It's Norwegian—I'll translate it all nicely for you in a minute."

"Can't I have it before you translate it?" begged Camilla. "I'm starving."

"There's just one little thing I've got to ask you first," said Roger. "I——"

"Good morning, sir," beamed a waiter beside them. "And for to-day there is——"

Roger looked up.

"Give me exactly three minutes, Sam, will you? And then come back," he said. "Now, Camilla—look at me."

Continued from page 13

Camilla gave him her gentle, dreamy look.

"You're not looking with your mind—that's better. Now I'm going to see that you've got some facts about me in your head. I'll tell you six things and then you're going to repeat them back to me. Got that?"

"Mm."

"One: My name is Roger Sinclair Conquest. Two: I'm twenty-seven. Three: I earn about fifteen hundred a year. Four: I have a flat in Knightsbridge. Five: I have never been married or been in love or told a girl I love her. Six:" —Roger looked directly into the eyes opposite — "Six," he ended softly, "I think you're sweet."

There was a pause. Camilla looked across at him and then smiled.

"Now," said Roger. "What's my name?"

"Roger Sinclair Conquest."

"Age?"

"Twenty-seven."

"How much do I earn?"

"Five—no, fifteen hundred."

"Fifteen hundred what?"

"Oh, well—" Camilla hesitated—"pounds, I suppose. You just said fifteen hundred a year."

"Right. What next?"

"You don't love anybody."

"That's entirely wrong, but we'll go into it later," said Roger. "Last?"

Camilla paused and Roger, putting his arms on the table, leaned forward, waiting.

"Well?" he asked.

A small hand was slipped into his and Camilla smiled softly.

"I think you're sweet," she murmured.

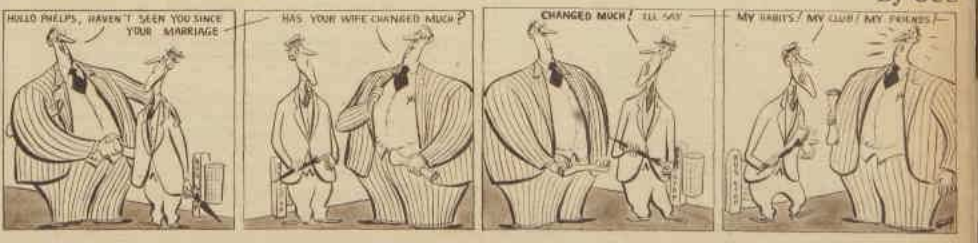
Roger looked at her, keeping her in focus while the room swung round him. He had forgotten where he was, but from somewhere deep in his consciousness came a feeling that he must be in heaven. This was heaven, and he was here with Camilla. He and Camilla were alone in heaven.

"And now, sir," said a voice from heaven, "some nice soup, some excellent fish . . ."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



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The Shades Will Not Vanish

MOTHER! That was something Mrs. Croft never thought of, the thing she'd never told George, the thing she was always afraid he'd discover. They had said that Mother was melancholy, when she was only worn out with grief after Father's death. Melancholy—and they'd called it a "Rest Home," when, really, it was an asylum, and Mother had died there of a broken heart.

But she had known it was not insanity, and so she'd never told George; she was an only child, and was not close to any of her relatives, so she had told George that her mother had died of heart trouble, and there was very

Continued from page 39

little likelihood of his finding out. And it was heart trouble—a broken heart.

But she didn't want them to do the same thing to Martin, and so she had tried to cure him herself, by rest and quietness and understanding; but she sometimes felt uneasily that he was growing away from her, becoming more secretive.

Of course, she realised that Martin needed care, that he did have this weakness, this strain of cruelty, but he was a dear, good boy underneath, and if they would give her time she would help him to grow out of it.

If only he wouldn't go wandering away for such long periods; he would go away after breakfast and sometimes she wouldn't see him again until tea-time, and then he'd come in pale, hungry, and excited, nervous; it wasn't good for him.

She would go hunting for him, spend hours walking along dusty roads in the heat, not liking to ask people directly whether they had seen him, knowing that they were talking about her after she'd left them.

Often at these times, she knew, he was up at the soldiers' camp on the main road—ugly, bare place. Twice she'd found him there and had brought him home.

He always came quietly with her. Indeed, he was becoming quieter and quieter, more withdrawn into himself, stealthy even; silly, but she'd developed the habit of listening to see where he was in the house, jerking her head suddenly, in fear, to see if he was behind her.

He'd begun to do that lately—only, of course, to tease, but she felt frightened when she would turn suddenly and find him behind her chair, standing still and watching her so intently. She'd always been afraid that something like the last night's incident would happen, but still she couldn't believe that it had really taken place.

She wiped the bath carefully with the bath cloth, and unlocked the door; she was getting so silly that she really only felt safe in a room whose door was locked. She crept past Martin's door again and returned to her fluffy, frilly little bedroom, sweetly fresh in the morning air.

She took out a pink gingham frock which tied with a bow in the middle of her back, thinking that she must make herself pretty this morning; because all the articles on child psychology said that children responded better to pretty clothes and gay colors.

Seeing her pale face in the mirror, she decided to wear a little rouge this morning, though she seldom used it except under artificial light.

As she dressed she knew that every task completed brought nearer that moment when she must go to his door and pop her head round it, gaily calling: "Awake, sonny boy? Got a kiss for Mummy this morning?" And something sour and sick and heavy seemed to make her stomach turn over.

.

Alec Kyles could hear his mother moving about in her bedroom across the hall, and Betty, who came five days in the week to help Mrs. Kyles until midday, was lighting the kitchen fire, the subdued noise indicating that she was being mindful of his mother's instructions that Alec must never be disturbed before seven.

He congratulated himself on the simple but effective strategy which he had devised to give himself this quiet hour in the morning. For many months now, since he had first suggested that he would benefit by sleeping later, he had been able to enjoy this peaceful prelude to his days, for invariably he was awake before six, and, by remaining quite still, he postponed the rush of assiduous attention which persisted throughout the rest of the day.

He was particularly glad of his little scheme this morning; he felt interested in life, he decided—the dull feeling of waking to a day which would be exactly similar to all the years of days which had gone before it was absent, for last night he had made his decision finally, and this morning he must begin on his plans for putting it into operation.

He leant on one arm and gazed round the room; it was a good room, large and well-lighted, with a bareness, an emptiness which pleased him. As he looked at his canvases lying untidily against the walls, at the long wooden bench covered with his painting equipment, at the wall of thickly stacked bookshelves, he admitted to himself that here she left him alone.

But, then, she never quibbled over non-essentials; let him potter away to his heart's content, while he was innocuously painting in his studio. She was certain that he could come to no harm there, that there was nothing to threaten her dominion in the large, quiet room; but that was where she was wrong, he reflected.

Like all cunning people, she was extremely stupid in some ways, and she did not realise that here, in this room, was lodged her most powerful foe—and his own stronger protector, his urge to paint. If I had lost that I would have lost the fight, he thought. But each month and each year it had been giving him back his strength.

During the past eighteen months his work had matured and developed, he felt sure, but he had kept very quiet about it, and she was glad not to have him talking too much about his painting.

I'm undoubtedly an ingrate, he thought—I've hardly ever earned a penny for myself, I've accepted everything from her hands, I've had a vast plenitude of maternal love poured out on me and I feel nothing but contempt and impatient dislike for her now.

He turned his thoughts to last night's scene. That had been just what he had needed, had provided the impetus which would send him forward now. He wondered whether that chap—Paul?—yes, Paul, had meant what he said about Alec's visiting his home. Though it had been put obliquely, he felt sure that it had been intended as an invitation.

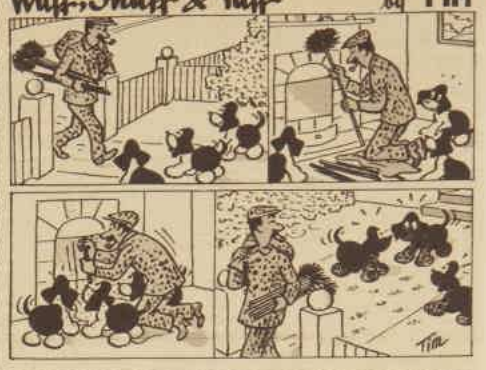
Yes, but he was in no position to accept such an offer, for he had no money at all. When he needed anything, it was bought for him and he hadn't even the money for his railway fare.

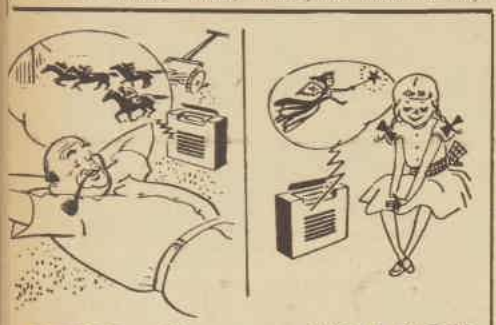
Please turn to page 48

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





FATHER will come in FIFTY-FIFTY on that portable radio—if you let him use it too!

Keep your portable packed with power. Size for size there's far more power in this mighty midget battery —so insist on—



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I.M.4.12

When coughs, colds or a sore throat leave you feeling miserable...

"HERE'S JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!"



Always keep a packet handy
On Sale everywhere

You can feel them doing you good!

Beauty in brief:

For smooth elbows

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When the skin of the arms is excessively dry apply a paste of equal parts of almond meal and powdered pumice mixed with a little water.

ALLOW this mixture to remain on the arms for about ten minutes, then remove it with warm water and the dry skin will slough off.

Do this just before the nightly tub, and follow with cream or hand lotion for best results.

Hand lotion applications carried along the arms over the elbows are the long-term method of keeping the skin there soft and smooth.

Did you know that the cuticle-softening preparation from your manicure set will remove horny skin from the elbows? Moisten elbow skin thoroughly with the liquid. When dry, wash the area with water and soap, then towel briskly, repeating daily until hard skin disappears.

Rub lemon juice or peroxide into the elbows to whiten them.

with half an eye you can see



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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Ideal for Toilet and Nursery

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells Home Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Orlex Compound.** He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the **Orlex Compound** to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger at very little cost. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

EXCLUSIVE LIFE STORY, PART III:

Duchess of Windsor

By COLIN FRAME

Although the Duke of Windsor left Britain for Europe early in December, 1936, it was May, 1937, before he saw again the woman he loved.

DAILY, throughout those months, so the newspapers reported at the time, a phone call between Austria and the South of France was their main contact. Sometimes those calls were said to have lasted an hour.

At Castle Enzesfeld, near Vienna, the home of Baron Eugene de Rothschild, the Duke played golf and went ski-ing—otherwise he rarely left the castle. But his sister, the Princess Royal, and then the Duke and Duchess of Kent visited him.

On March 8 Mrs. Simpson left the Villa Lou Viei for Monts in Touraine.

There she and her former hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bedaux at the Chateau de Cande.

In this white-turreted chateau built in Renaissance style Mrs. Simpson spent the last weeks before her marriage to the Duke.

She wore no ring on her left hand. It seems that, although the Duke gave her some of the most magnificent jewellery in the world, he never gave her an engagement ring.

The decree nisi was made absolute on May 3—and Mrs. Simpson, who was about to revert to her maiden name of Wallis Warfield (she did this by deed poll four days later), was free to marry once more.

That afternoon the Duke left Salzburg on the Orient Express, and the next day changed to a black saloon near Paris. Then, with a wave of his hand to watchers at the gate, he entered the Chateau.

Mrs. Simpson stood on the stone steps of the house in a simple blue tunic-blouse and black skirt. The Duke raced up the steps, a posy of Alpine flowers in his hand.

They stood together for a moment, not speaking but holding hands, and looking into each other's eyes. Then they turned and went into the house.

On the morning of June 3, 1937, in the sunlit Chateau de Cande, standing among 16 friends and the servants of the house, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were married.

Major Edward Metcalfe, the Duke's friend and former equerry, was best man, and Mr. Herman Rogers gave the bride away.

During those months the Duchess' favorite blue had become a fashion, and it was in a gown of what was called Wallis-blue — almost an ice-blue—that she stood before Mayor Mercier for the civil ceremony, which was held first.

It was a fitted gown, cut high to the neck, where it was clasped with an enormous brooch of sapphires and diamonds. Her gloves and shoes were also Wallis-blue.

On her sleek hair was a blue straw toque decorated with tiny pink and blue feathers and topped by a halo of blue tulle.

She carried no flowers. A tiny crucifix dangled from a wide bracelet of gold and sapphires. Her earrings were sapphires.



WEDDING DAY. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, on June 3, 1937, after their wedding at the Chateau de Cande.

But there were flowers by the hundreds in the oak-panelled drawing-room.

After the civil ceremony, while M. Marcel Dupre, one of the foremost French organists, played softly on the magnificent organ in the chateau the party walked down a corridor to the music room.

There, the Rev. R. Anderson Jardine waited in his surplice for the religious ceremony.

So they were married. The signal for it to watchers at the gate was a bottle of champagne flung wildly until it burst on the gate's bars.

It was Madame Prosper, the old gatekeeper, having her fling in her best Sunday bonnet and black silk apron.

The Duke and his bride honeymooned in Austria at Castle Wasserleonberg, Count Paul Munster's home.

Once they motored to Salzburg for the music festival; once to Venice for the festival there. Otherwise they enjoyed a seclusion neither had had for many years.

Five months apart

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bedaux stayed with them in August. In that month, with a gesture typical of his princely days, the Duke threw a party for 1000 peasants from nearby villages.

That evening with the village band playing in the old castle, the Duke and Duchess moved merrily among their guests handing out beer and sausages. As the Duchess was by far the better linguist the Duke carried on conversations through her.

By the end of September they were in Paris, which, apart from the war years, they have ever since regarded as their home.

It was from Paris, in October, 1937, that the Duchess accompanied the Duke on a tour that was to lead to some bitter criticism—they went to Germany to study labor and housing conditions.

The Windsors planned to follow their trip to Germany with one to the United States.

Some criticism was voiced among American unions arising from the fact that Mr. Charles Bedaux, the Duke's friend, was the inventor of the Bedaux system of industrial efficiency, which the workers hated.

Instead of the U.S. tour the Duke and Duchess went off to the Riviera for Christmas. They stayed at the villa Lou Viei.

There the Duchess met for the first time a statesman who had never wavered in his belief that the Duke had been "shabbily treated"—Mr. Lloyd George. He and Mr. Churchill had Boxing Day lunch at the villa.

In October, 1938, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester visited them in Paris. The two Duchesses, meeting on the station platform, kissed in greeting.

In September, 1939, the Duke and Duchess visited England, staying for ten days at the Sussex home of Major Edward Metcalfe.

By September 21 they were back in France. The Duke, as a Major-General in the British Army, was attached to the French G.H.Q.

The Duchess, from her Paris home, started a vast comforts-for-the-troops organisation.

Later she joined the French Women's Red Cross Association and merged her organisation with it.

She invented a special woollen glove for the troops with a zip-fastener down the side of the trigger finger, so that the soldier could fire without removing his glove.

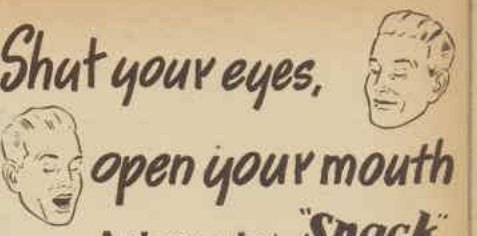
For two weeks during which France fell to Germany nothing was heard of the Duke and Duchess. The Duke, it was known, had gone to visit French troops on the Italian border and there were fears for his safety.

But out of the chaos of those days the news came that they had both arrived in Barcelona.

On July 9, 1940, when they had passed through Spain to Lisbon, the Duke heard that the King had appointed him to be his Governor in the Bahamas.

NEXT WEEK: Work in the Bahamas; life in the post-war years; her home in Paris.

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Pastel Tones BY Pelaco

★ What could be better for Fathers' Day — September 2



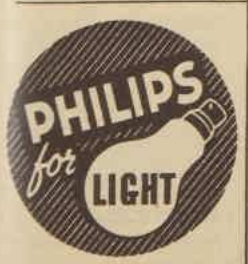
"It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!"

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ANNABELLE



"With new curtains, wall-to-wall carpet, and a couple of easy chairs it wouldn't be NEARLY such a shabby little office."

BUTCH



"You've got no objection, I trust. I noticed you had a pool when I looked over this job."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

ATTITUDE of some of the unions, notably the A.W.U., about the Federal Government's anti-inflation conference seemed pretty silly.

The Federal Government acted late in its efforts to stop inflation. And those belated efforts promise to displease lots of people, from manufacturers to unionists.

Nevertheless, the situation is desperate. Arguing about who threw the last lot of fuel on the fire won't put it out.

Full co-operation of labor was probably too much for the Government to expect, but boycotting the conference was a useless gesture.

Many people would not blame Labor representatives for chanting "We told you so" at monotonous intervals. A few digs about the Government's adoption of the once-scorned policy of "bureaucratic control" would be natural.

But attendance at the conference would at least have indicated a genuine concern with the country's welfare, even if delegates had found themselves unable to come to agreement on the best remedies.

* * *

THE N.S.W. Minister for Lands (Mr. Renshaw) said recently that reports that ex-servicemen were excluded from war service land settlement ballots if in permanent employment were "mischievous, baseless, and completely false."

"Untrue" was doubtless what he meant.

* * *

WHEN the Education Committee of Woking, Surrey, England, decided that a 13-year-old girl was too pretty for a mixed secondary school and moved her to a girls' school, her father objected to paying the extra bus fares.

The committee refused the request for 5/5 worth of bus fares, said it would create a precedent.

Really, the father has little to complain about. A daughter as pretty as that may cost a little extra now, but think how soon he will get her off his hands entirely.

* * *

THAT old saying about silence being golden seems to be completely in the discard.

The public-address system has its uses, but there is a tendency nowadays to assume that people can't read.

This little moan is due to a recent wait on one of the railway stations, where a voice roars continuously the information that would be easier to read on indicators.

I think it was "Punch" that summed up the situation once in a cartoon showing a small child asking its mother on a railway station how people, before the amplifier days, found out when the train was leaving. The answer was: "Oh, we asked a porter, just as we do now."

AN Australian businessman bound for America discovered when he reached Honolulu that he had left his mascot, a black raffia doll named Dorothy, at home.

He broke his journey, phoned Sydney, and waited at Honolulu till the mascot followed him on another plane.

Some people might make clucking noises of irritation at that sort of behaviour, but not I. You may think me prejudiced in this man's favor because of the doll's name, but not at all.

For ten years, through journeys and holidays, I've carried round the same tin of ointment, one of the popular remedies for cuts, bruises, and burns. It is not carried as first aid. Usually it is so deep at the bottom of the suitcase that it couldn't be located in emergency.

It is simply that nine years ago, having taken it along on two holidays, I developed a superstition about it. Since then it has flown as far as Korea and San Francisco, has travelled by train annually to the seaside. I wouldn't dream of going anywhere longer than a weekend visit without it.

Should it ever be used up, then the empty tin will go along. I do not of course defend this kind of thing. I merely state a fact.

* * *

BUSINESSMAN and philanthropist Mr. E. J. Hallstrom, of Sydney, collects hats of famous men. Recently he returned from America with one given him by President Truman.

Apparently Mr. Hallstrom just keeps these hats of celebrities on display. But what possibilities there are in the hobby for a woman collector!

A woman would collect hats of famous women. Naturally, she would be discriminating.

The fact that a woman is famous is by no means a guarantee of her taste in hats. If very distinguished in some academic field, it is possible that she regards a hat as something to keep the sun off her head.

But there are plenty of others, sufficiently notable, whose hats would make a very nice collection indeed. They could be kept suitably labelled in glass-fronted cabinets for the amusement of visitors.

Remodelled from time to time and added to at intervals, they would save at least one of the collector's clothing bills.

* * *

FISHERY officials in Devon, England, report the worst plague of octopuses for 52 years along the coast of Devon and Cornwall. The octopuses, believed to be attracted by the warm weather, are only a few inches long.

A Devonian, tired of tea,
Said, "Octopus plague? Dear me!
"Let's bring to the boil
"Then fry 'em in oil
"And serve as a Devonshire Sea."

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This month's bumper issue is on sale now!



Interesting articles and stories on such varied subjects as: An inquest on 1950's road disasters—the man who discovers film stars and his latest find—America's No. 1 craze, Night Golf—Why racing systems all end up the same way—The Paris influence on Indian art.

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3. **LARYNX:** The seat of hoarseness, dryness, when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to your—

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This marvellous cream actually rejuvenates tired, fading skin. It contains scientific ingredients which penetrate the outer layers of the skin to stimulate and rebuild worn-out tissues underneath. Your skin smooths out, looks firmer, younger and clearer. Realise now that your complexion no longer depends on age, on climate, on good fortune, but on you! For less than the cost of a new hat you can be a lovelier woman.

Apply Innoxa's Vitormone Cream at night (it is not greasy), use it as a powder base during the day, and very soon you, and your friends, will see your skin grow younger! Your reward will be paid in the pretty compliments which say "How young you look!"

Buy Vitormone Cream wherever Innoxa Preparations are sold, including: *N.S.W.: Hardern Bros., Farmer's, Mark Foy's, Anthony Hordern's. David Jones Ltd. VIC.: The Myer Emporiums Ltd., Georges Ltd., Bull & Welch. Q'LAND: Finney Isles', T. C. Beirne, J. Delahunty, Allan & Stark Ltd. S.A.: Charles Birk's, Miller Anderson's, The Myer Emporium (S.A.) Ltd., John Martin & Co. Limited. W.A.: Foy's, Boans', TAS.: A. P. Miller, L. Abra, McKinlays Ltd.*

Innoxa
OF LONDON

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and the beautiful Princess
NARDA: Are combing the Polar regions for a fabulous city of jewels, with an explorer,
MUNDEN: When Narda disappears down the shaft of the dread Ice Demons. Mandrake, following, reaches the chamber where the Demon King sits surrounded by his slaves. The Demons seize him and at a word from their king seal him up with Narda in an ice-tomb to freeze to death. NOW READ ON:











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** A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.*

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Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

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A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

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Blame your
SLUGGISH LIVER
for these unpleasant
SYMPTOMS!

Constipation, heavy tired feeling, indigestion, headaches, a sallow, spotty skin—often result when a "sluggish" liver cuts down the supply of bile to the intestines.



A sluggish liver causes weariness, depression, lack of appetite, faults, constipation.



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Help correct sluggish liver function with Chamberlain's Tablets. Without habit-forming, harsh action, Chamberlain's Tablets quickly and gently aid in stimulating liver activity, relieve constipation, assist in clearing the skin and in sweetening the breath. Try Chamberlain's to-night . . . prove how much brighter life becomes . . . how energy flows back and sparkling health is yours again.

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in his football boots,
Big, brave, bonny and bold,
Hope of his team was Timothy Toots
Pity he caught that cold!
Only two days to the greatest match
Of the famous football tour,
How did our Tim the victory snatch?

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!

TEENA

by Hilda Terry



As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): It's always fair weather when good Aries folk get together. You'll make the social headlines this week with a big splash. It might be your own wedding, or that of a pal, but you're certain to be among those present on August 11.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): So, Miss Taurus, you've decided that reading in bed is a better way to spend the evening than stepping out in those new slippers which hurt your pet corn. You'll save money on August 8.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Manhandle that fountain pen; sign on the dotted line, and congratulate yourself for having stolen a run while the fieldsmen weren't looking. August 10 you can pat yourself on the back.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Pa and Ma Cancer, to say nothing of the small Cancer fry, could do with a bit more cash. By talking it over on August 12 they might arrive at a grand plan for financing the wish of their hearts.

LEO (July 23-August 22): This should be a beautiful week, with everything coming your way. An exciting new element may send prickles up and down your spinal column, and you've got more backbone than most of the signs. August 7 for that big leap.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): A surprise packet on August 10 might put new life into you. Some of you are due, or overdue, for a rise in pay, while others may be pleased with more congenial work. There's a bouquet, even for the housewife.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Acting as peacemaker, guiding a committee with an iron hand hidden in a velvet glove, persuading friends and associates to act harmoniously for the common good, is no easy task. You'll cope with it on August 10.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): You could have the centre of the stage, but you'll probably prefer the wings. No ace detective has anything on Scorpio when it comes to sleuthing. If August 7 or 8 presents you with a mystery, you'll soon solve it.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Just open that book and concentrate. Study is the right answer to most Sagittarian problems. You're a born student. August 7 for an inspiration.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Dame Fortune has her eye on you. None of the Capricorn tribe depends on luck; their creed is hard work and merit, but an ounce of chance could, on August 11, bring you your objective.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): A happy Aquarian runs with the pack. As a lone wolf he is a wash-out, so this week will see you diving in all directions. August 7 could give you a jolt.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Superfluous baggage, all those worries you carry around with you. They cramp your style and turn you into a packhorse when you should be galloping. You can win by a head on August 8.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

What do you know about — Spelling?

Some of these words are spelt incorrectly. Can you say which are right or wrong? Answers on page 49.

1. Occulist.
2. Frontispicce.
3. Kowtow.
4. Obligato.
5. Conoisseur.
6. Liqueurs.
7. Dessicated.
8. Schism.
9. Dipthong.
10. Leveller.

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HANSEN'S Junket

2 YEAR-OLD ADVENTURER



THIS young gentleman is Richard French of Largs Bay, S.A. Richard's idea of a quiet day at home involves scaling the highest available fences. Richard's mother regards his adventurous spirit with some concern but says, "He's wonderfully healthy and inexhaustibly energetic. He has Vegemite every day and loves it. I do feel Vegemite has been largely responsible for his health." Vegemite is the yeast extract that contains more Vitamin B_1 than any other yeast extract manufactured and sold in Australia. It's tastier too, and it contains no starch.

VO28

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The Shades Will Not Vanish

Continued from page 40

UNDOUBTEDLY, Alec reflected, he must get some work to do at once, when he left here—how he was to leave he could not yet decide, but he must at once seek work.

Perhaps he could do some advertising illustrations; Digby would know about that—if Digby was still in Sydney. He decided not to bother about that; first he must plan to get away. Suddenly he knew what he must do; Megan would help him, he felt sure.

As he thought of Megan, of the way she had looked at Julian last night, he felt sick with desolation; it was this, he knew, that was really driving him away.

He couldn't remember when he had begun to love Megan, when the deep and intense feeling he now had for her had replaced his affectionate friendliness; but it had flared into flame when the knowledge had first come to him that she was fascinated by Julian.

The whole situation had aroused in him an unbearable mortification.

To think of Megan, bright, strong, clever little Megan — to think of her squandering her brilliance on a man who could never have possessed a man's strength, to have crumbled, as he had done, in the grip of a woman!

Suddenly he realised that, even if he were going away from it, he must try to do something about it before he left. He must at least strike a blow at this thing which threatened his little, beloved Megan.

Cautiously, he climbed out of bed, and, putting on his dressing-gown, he went over to the stacks of his canvases. He had enough to exhibit, really — enough good ones, too; he began to look through them, mentally rejecting those he felt to be unworthy.

His eyes, lifting for a moment, caught his reflection in the mirror, and he stared wonderingly at himself. Why am I so thin and gaunt? he thought. His cheeks were hollow, but the eyes were bright, eager; straight nose, crooked, intelligent mouth.

You know, he thought, if I could pull myself together I might build something out of myself. I've only got to get away from here—from her; she's the only thing that ails me, really, though it's taken me about half a lifetime to realise it.

Now if I can only get myself strong physically I won't be behind other people of my age —in fact, I'll be ahead of them, because I have accomplished something good. And then, if I come back and if Megan is here . . .

He turned slowly as the door swung back, and he did not answer when his mother screamed: "Alec! Standing there in the cold. Now get back to bed at once and I'll turn on the radiator. It seems to me sometimes that you like to give me anxiety . . ."

He lay in bed and smiled at the ceiling as the stream flowed over him. Another day — but there wouldn't be many more of them now; he could afford to be patient. He began to plan his moves so that he could get a few minutes alone at the telephone to ring Megan.

.

Honor and Paul dropped the saddles in the corner of the back verandah and came into the kitchen; Joady was cooking bacon, briskly and efficiently, standing sturdily in front of the big fuel stove. Megan was about to carry a pile of plates into the dining-room, and she put them down for a moment and sat up on the end of the kitchen table.

"Well," she said, looking at them admiringly, "you do look out-of-doors and wholesome."

Paul stood smiling in the doorway, his hair untidy and his eyes bright and alive. My word, Megan thought complacently, we're working a cure here—a few more days of this and he won't have any more nerves.

"We had a great time," he said, his voice quick and enthusiastic. "Jove, Megan, I'd like to watch the sunset from that high, flat road—you know, looking over to those hills beyond Borrowdale. Do you think we could go this evening?"

"Of course we can."

Paul ran lightly up the stairs and swung round the post at the head of the staircase to his room. As he closed the door behind him he was overjoyed to see Adrian there, standing by the window; he greeted him happily and sat down on the bed to have a good talk with him.

A curious thing about these talks with Adrian was that, since Paul had come home, he'd always had to do the talking; sometimes, indeed, he couldn't really see Adrian, though he knew he was there. After the bombing in the jungle it had always been Adrian who had done the talking and Paul had listened.

IT didn't matter, though, Paul told himself, if Adrian didn't want to talk. He always smiled and nodded and showed me he was listening—and this morning he was quite clear, quite close, and plainly to be seen.

Paul began to tell him all that had happened since yesterday, how much he loved the Ambara countryside and Adrian's family; the words tumbled out incoherently, as he tried to describe everything at once, for he knew that soon they would call him to breakfast and he'd have to go.

As he told Adrian about Honor and some of her quaint ways, he shouted with laughter and slapped his knee with enjoyment. Just at that moment there was a knock at the door and Honor's voice said, "Breakfast! Didn't you hear the bell?"

He sprang across from the bed and opened the door just a little way, because he didn't want her to see Adrian. She looked past him into the room, and swiftly he looked over his shoulder, but Adrian was gone, so he opened the door wide. Honor gazed at him in surprise.

"Who've you got in there? I heard you laughing your head off."

"I was talking to—" He paused and looked at her uncertainly.

"Well—who?"

"Nothing and nobody," he said happily, coming out and shutting the door behind him.

James was sitting at the head of the table as they came in and he welcomed Paul warmly; Mary was seated at the opposite end of the table, and the others slipped quickly into their places. James began to eat his porridge carefully, while Honor told them about their early ride.

"And Mother," Megan broke in, "not only has your younger daughter no manners, but even her sense of decorum is rather dim. She was in Paul's room at some dreadfully early hour, enticing him to go riding with her."

Mary turned to Paul.

"Poor Paul," she said. "No doubt you didn't expect to find yourself in this wild, Bohemian atmosphere, with young females roaming in and out of your bedroom."

"Well," he said, "they don't usually end up by making you ride ten miles and then plunging you into an icy river."

"Practically the only literature read in this house is the penny novelette," said Honor. "You can easily tell that from their conversation."

"Seems to me," Joady said, "as if some people don't know what to do with their time if they're not on breakfast duty. Oh, well, there's always a remedy for that, eh, Mrs. Carr?"

"Good for you, Joady," said Megan gleefully, as she handed James his scrambled eggs and bacon. "Then the serious-minded, studious people in the family could devote their mornings to the pursuit of the things in mind."

"The things of the mind would be in little danger from such a pursuit in this house," her mother said calmly. "Where are these studious people lurking that we've never observed their presence?"

James managed the third forkful of scrambled egg quite easily, his eyes twinkling with pleasure.

"Oh, indeed!" Megan laid down her fork dramatically. "Now that's just where you're wrong, Mrs. Carmichael, my love. Here is a serious student"—she stabbed her chest with her knife—"at least, the English department seems to think so."

They stopped eating and looked at her.

"How come?" Honor said curtly.

Paul beamed at her with delight. So she was going to tell them; she must have decided to accept it. Good show, good show!

Honor's sharp eyes missed nothing; before Megan could reply, she said: "Paul seems to know the answer to this one."

Please turn to page 49

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

RIVETS





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The Shades Will Not Vanish

Continued from page 48

MEGAN looked disconcerted for a moment. "Yes," she said, a little uncomfortably, "I happened to tell Paul last night. But, listen —I've won the Proctor."

There was silence for a moment; then Honor pushed back her chair and rushed round to hug Megan.

"Oh, you adorable thing!" she cried. "I'm madly proud of you."

There was a general stir; James put his sound hand on Megan's and smiled at her, forgetting to control the crooked side of his mouth; Mary left her seat to kiss her, and Joady sat staring ahead of her, stupefied with delight.

They resettled themselves in some disorder; Mary's table-napkin lay on the floor; Honor had brought her chair round to sit beside Megan, her feet on the side-rungs of Megan's chair. Nobody bothered to eat any more, but they sat on, talking and admiring and planning.

In the midst of her delight, Megan remembered guiltily that, last night, she had been going to deprive them of all this joy. The thought was incredible—she could not conjure up a mental image of what this scene would have been like in reverse.

No one had asked her, Megan suddenly realised, why she had kept her news secret until this morning; no doubt they credited her with tact and delicacy, thinking that she had seen that it would have been in poor taste to have intruded on last night, which was Adrian's.

Immediately she saw that that was so she felt less guilty as she stood up and began to help Honor to clear the table.

As Mary went to help James to rise from his chair, he motioned her aside.

"Paul will help me, Mary," James said. "I want to have a talk with him. Can you come to the study for a while, lad?"

"Yes, certainly," Paul said, and Mary watched delightedly as James walked confidently down the hall, one arm through Paul's, one hand lightly holding his stick.

James Carmichael's study was a large, uncluttered room, with wide windows opening on to the side paddock. Paul helped James to the chair behind the wide, square desk in the centre of the room, then he went to a low, leather-covered chair by the window and sat down.

They both filled their pipes and James watched the boy's eyes as they examined the room; he had a fine face —clever, quick, observant. And so much more tranquil than it had been yesterday.

"We haven't bothered you with questions, Paul," he began, "but I'd like to know something about you—your interests, your people, your background, if it doesn't worry you to talk of them. It's not mere idle curiosity—I've a definite reason."

"Why, of course." Paul smiled at him, removing his pipe from his mouth. "No, it doesn't worry me. It's not very interesting, though."

"What did you do before the war?"

"Well, I hadn't had much time to do anything. The family—my mother and father, that is; I'm an only child—have a property in the Dorrigo district. It's thriving, and when I left school I was to have gone there to help manage the place; but instead I went straight into camp when I left school—that was in 1940. I was eighteen then."

"I see," James said slowly, disappointment in his voice. So he was a country lad — probably he had no interest in business at all. "And was that what you wanted to do most?"

"I wasn't quite sure what I wanted, but it wouldn't have been the land, I think. I was brought up to it, and somehow I reacted by preferring the city; I'd thought a bit about law—or perhaps getting a business job and doing a B.Ec."

James' eyes brightened. "Well," he said slowly, "what do you plan now? Any preferences?"

He noticed the sudden disturbed unease in Paul's expression. Perhaps he was blundering like a fool into the boy's mind; after all, Paul was still convalescent, he was not prepared, perhaps, to face any kind of effort just yet. James hurried on.

"I don't want to make you feel that there's any urgency about this, but I've a plan in my mind and I'm so excited about it that I feel I must tell you. Shall I go on?"

"Yes." Paul's voice was quite calm; he was staring down at his hands. "Yes, go on, please."

"I wondered if you would care to come into my business, in some capacity. As you know, Anthea has been carrying the burden of it for a long while now, but I'd like to relieve her of it; she wants to have the children home with her, I know, and besides, she's been looking far from well lately."

Paul said nothing, and he went on, "Now I'm going to pull myself round and get back to it myself, but I know I may not have long. If you were agreeable I could teach you the business and I'd be very happy to make you my partner; you could do your Economics course at the same time and then, when I have to retire permanently, you would be in a position to carry on."

He paused; Paul sat without a movement, staring down at the floor.

"Well, how does it strike you?"

Still he sat there, and now James could see that he was trembling. He cursed himself; the boy was ill.

"I'm sorry, Paul. Forget all about it; you're not fit yet . . ."

"Yes." Paul's voice was high-pitched. "Yes, I'm quite fit. Only, you see . . ."

His voice trailed off, he sank back in the chair and lowered his head, his pipe held in one slack hand, which lay limply over the arm of the chair, the fingers of the other hand tapping out a series of little rhythmical, patterned sounds on the arm-rest.

"You see"—as he looked up at James, his eyes were clouded, straining with the effort to convey his meaning—"there's only to-day, isn't there?"

James regarded him in bewilderment.

"And to-morrow, perhaps," Paul went on, hysteria in his voice now, "but no longer — there mustn't be more than to-morrow. I can't bear it if it should . . . I can't talk about any days after to-morrow, because that's when it all ends. It must—nothing must stop it! Nobody must try to stop me! Don't talk about it afterwards—don't! There's no afterwards . . ."

Tears filled his eyes and ugly sobbing sounds came from his throat; his eyes were fixed piteously on James' face, looking for understanding and reassurance that could never be there. A mad terror came to his mind that perhaps they knew and were plotting together to prevent him; he rose to his feet and stood swaying, shaken with sobs, distraught.

Perhaps they had guessed and had hidden the children, perhaps they wouldn't be there when he went up to see Anthea this morning—how else would they be able to talk calmly about things like business, in their normal way?

And he knew he only had until to-morrow night, for, to-morrow night, if he had failed, Adrian would come back and, this time, the horrifying, mind-destroying remembrance would come; he knew this with terrible certainty.

"No!" he shouted and spun round to face James. "No, I tell you!" His pipe clattered to the floor and he fell back into his chair spent and shaken.

To be continued

Answers to Quiz on page 46

1. Wrong (oculist).
2. Right.
3. Right.
4. Wrong (obbligato).
5. Wrong (connoisseur).
6. Right.
7. Wrong (desiccated).
8. Right.
9. Wrong (diphthong).
10. Right.

Gardening leaflets

BECAUSE shortage of newsprint prevents the publication of long articles on gardening, Our Home Gardener has prepared four leaflets on subjects suitable to the season.

Readers may obtain leaflets by filling in the form below and enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

The titles of the leaflets are:

- HOW TO KEEP YOUR GARDEN HEALTHY.
 The basic principles of good gardening are discussed and there is much valuable information on the use of fertilisers.
- SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKERIES.
 Whether you are planning a new rockery or replanting an old one, this tells you all you want to know.
- HOW TO GROW GOOD CARNATIONS.
 All phases of the propagation and growth of this favorite flower are covered, and a list of garden and show varieties is included.
- HOW TO GROW GOOD CHRYSANTHEMUMS.
 The choosing of varieties, propagation, planting, and growth are covered, and the many attractive and widely differing varieties are described.

Please send me the following leaflet:

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This delicious chocolate-flavoured food beverage provides all the nourishment necessary to keep the whole family fit and healthy. Scientifically prepared from Nature's finest foods — malt, milk and eggs — 'Ovaltine' is Fortified with EXTRA Vitamins A, B, D, Iron and Calcium. EXTRA Vitamins to restore nerve strength and vitality and to maintain a high level of mental and physical fitness — EXTRA Iron and Calcium to ensure healthier blood and stronger bones and teeth. By helping to ensure a balanced and adequate diet for children and grown-ups alike Fortified 'Ovaltine' makes an important contribution to health and fitness. For these reasons make Fortified 'Ovaltine' the regular beverage in your home at mealtimes and at intervals during the day. You'll find 'Ovaltine' results can be obtained only from 'Ovaltine'. So start your family drinking their own health in Fortified 'Ovaltine' today.

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Adventure in color

SPLENDID sense of color, line, and atmosphere is reflected in Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCall-Power's flat in Fairfax Road, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

They have completed the flat decorations during the little more than six months they have been married.

Mrs. McCall-Power likes accents of clear, strong color at strategic points in a room. In the living-room, for instance, where the overall atmosphere is one of soft colors, she has used bright coral in the window drapes, lampshade trims, and cushions.

The den, designed for informal living and entertaining, has delicate sea-green ceiling and walls, with palest turquoise woodwork. Furnishing fabrics are in lime-green, poinsettia-red, and lime-yellow. The floor rug is off-white, and the white curtains have bold red stripes.

Mrs. McCall-Power prefers polished floors and separate rugs to all-over floor coverings, which she thinks make for room similarity and restrict the use of color.



MRS. McCALL-POWER in the dining-room of her flat at Bellevue Hill. Straight velvet window drapes, mahogany furniture, and warm autumn-toned furnishing fabrics and floor rug give the room depth and dignity. Old English flower prints decorate one wall.



SMALL CIRCULAR BAR built into a corner of the den is upholstered with poinsettia-red leather. Wall-bookshelves hold glasses.



WINDOWS AND GLASS DOORS which open on to the sun-deck have coral drapes. The pattern of the inky-blue carpet echoes the tonings of the lounge and chairs.



WIDE ENTRANCE HALL, opening into both dining and living rooms, gives a feeling of additional space. Mrs. McCall-Power likes to reflect the floor-rug pattern in the mirror above the wall-table, so she keeps the flower arrangements below mirror-level.



DELICATE SOFTNESS of the orchid-pink marquisette and chintz window drapes is accented by a ruffle of mauve-grey taffeta on the pelmet and lamp. Cushion in the same shade is also used as contrast to the deeper pink of bedspread.



SUN-DECK overlooking Sydney Harbor is furnished with white cane furniture upholstered in bright red and blue striped sunproof cotton.

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Apple pudding recipe wins £5



FLAVORED with rum and filled with jam, this cake has a very effective chocolate icing. Lines of white icing are piped across the unset chocolate icing. A skewer is then drawn across, first one way, then the other.



APPLE BUTTERSCOTCH pudding will soon become a firm favorite with the family. It is quickly made and easy to prepare, and the flavor is superb. See this week's prize-winning recipe.



KITCHEN CUPBOARDS fitted with slotted shelves allow air to circulate around stored fruit and vegetables. The home carpenter should find these fittings easy to make. They could be installed in an existing kitchen cupboard, or a separate, special unit could be made.

Weekly cookery prizes

Three simple recipes win prizes for readers in this week's cookery contest.

CRUSHED butterscotch melted on top of apple crumb pudding gives it a rich flavor and luscious appearance. Whipped cream and chopped walnuts may be added or the pudding may be served with custard.

A delicious chocolate cake, flavored with rum and filled with a jam, nut, and rum filling, wins a consolation prize.

Another prize-winning recipe is a three-fruit chutney made from apples, pears, and pineapple.

All spoon measurements are level.

APPLE BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

Four or five apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon and ½ orange, 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. butterscotch.

Peel and slice apples thinly, place in basin, sprinkle with the 2 tablespoons sugar and grated fruit rinds. Melt shortening in pan, add breadcrumbs, stir over gentle heat until shortening is absorbed. Place half crumbs in bottom of greased, fireproof dish, cover with half sliced apples. Combine sugar, nutmeg, and cinnamon. Sprinkle half over apples. Cover with half remaining breadcrumbs, then balance of apples and cinnamon mixture. Pour fruit juices over and top with remaining crumbs. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 45 minutes. Remove lid, top with crushed butterscotch. Return to hot oven until crumbs are lightly browned and butterscotch melted. Serve hot or cold with or without cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Harrison, 62 Pine St., Cammeray, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE RUM CAKE WITH APRICOT NUT FILLING

Four ounces butter or other shortening, 7oz. brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon rum, 2 eggs, 8oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 3oz. dark chocolate or 3 tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup milk.

Cream shortening with sugar and rum. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. If using chocolate, break into small pieces, melt in basin standing in hot water, stir into creamed mixture. Fold in sifted dry ingredients (including cocoa if used) alternately with milk. Fill into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cool, join layers with filling made by mixing 4 tablespoons apricot jam with 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts or mixed nuts and 1 teaspoon rum. Top cake with chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss E. Stone, "Pallamana," Elgin St., Gordon, N.S.W.

THREE-FRUIT CHUTNEY

Four cooking apples, 4 pears, 1 small pineapple (barely ripe), 1 tomato, ½ cup seeded raisins or sultanas, 3½ cups sugar, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon each peppercorns, cloves, and mace, 1 onion, 6 cups vinegar.

Peel, core, and slice apples and pears. Peel pineapple, cut into small cubes. Slice tomato. Place all ingredients in enamel-lined pan, bring slowly to boiling point, stirring frequently. Cook gently about 2 hours until thickened, stirring occasionally. Bottle while hot, seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss A. Camplin, 58 St. George's Bay Road, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.

Anything for a Laugh!



Ever met a clown face to face? Then say hullo to Micky Wislang of Wirth's Circus. Micky has done a back-spring in Adelaide . . . a somersault in Brisbane . . . he's fallen on his face in Alice Springs. In fact he's been all over Australia doing anything for a laugh. "Yes," says Micky, "a clown has always got to be funny — even if he's not feeling the best. This weather I find that a hot Bonox before and after my act peps me up and keeps me fit."

Steaming hot Bonox builds up your resistance against colds. Keeps your head above the 'flu line and stops Old Man 'Flu. Enjoy a steaming hot cup of delicious Bonox every day. Gives you a lift!

Keeping baby warm

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse

THE main object of clothing a baby is to maintain body warmth.

Materials used should be wool for knitted garments, flannel, or cellular cotton. Besides being warm and light, these are porous and ensure good ventilation.

Closely woven cotton or linen materials should not be used, as they allow heat from the baby's body to be quickly lost.

Clothes should also be as loose as possible, so that they do not interfere in any way with the development of muscles or cause pressure.

Completely waterproofed pilchers made from mackintosh or plastic material often cause badly scalded buttocks. Flannel pilchers should be used over the napkin for additional warmth and protection.

A simple and practical pattern for a pair of these flannel pilchers is one of our 12-piece layette patterns, which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Price, 3/6 (postage free). Name and address should be written clearly in block letters.

NEW TASTE THRILL



—with a gentle LAXATIVE action!



They taste so delicious—they give your family so much nourishment . . . and yet they're so very effective as a laxative. Kellogg's Bran Flakes.

Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES

—the luscious breakfast CEREAL



Crisp, Honey-brown Flakes

These crisp, luscious flakes are *better* for you and your family. Made from the best part of wheat with BRAN added, they combine nourishment and energy with a gentle but thorough laxative action.

Make Kellogg's Bran Flakes your *regular* family breakfast cereal and keep your family regular — day by day. Your grocer has Kellogg's Bran Flakes now. Ask for a packet today.

Good for ALL your family!

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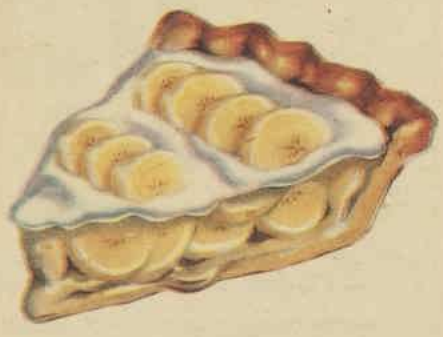
Chocolate!



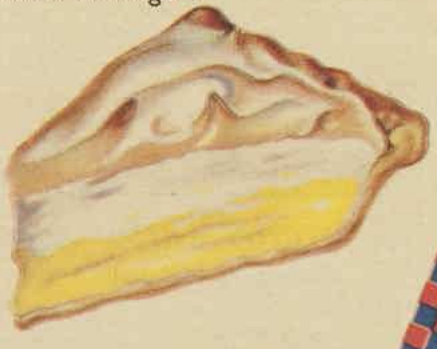
Peach!



Banana Cream!



Lemon Meringue!





...and, of course, your old favourite, Steak and Kidney!

It's so easy, so quick, to make tender, short crust pastry with clever BAKEO!

You simply add water (or milk) to Bakeo straight out of the packet, roll out, and bake!

No sifting flour, weighing, measuring, tediously rubbing in shortening — all that's done for you!

Bakeo is a superfine blend of specially milled, sifted flour and pure light shortening. The proportions are exactly right, blended by machine more thoroughly than ever possible by hand.

Yes, Bakeo makes BETTER pastry — rich feather-light pastry — and Bakeo never fails!

Besides pastry, you can make so many other things with versatile BAKEO!

You can save hours of work making such things as steam puddings, cakes, biscuits, cheese straws — with Bakeo. In any recipe, use Bakeo in place of the flour and shortening — it's as simple as that! Clever, versatile Bakeo! In handy 16 oz. packets at all good grocers and stores.



Recipes, showing new uses for Bakeo, on the back of every packet!

FROM THE SAME MAKERS AS FAMOUS MAXAM PACKET CHEESE AND MAXAM CANNED SPECIALITIES.

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Spring Theme

Pamper spring appetites with crisp, colorful salads and cool, refreshing sweets like these.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

WITH the first breath of spring, revise your family menus and introduce new and interesting dishes to tempt the appetite and please the eye.

The sweet and savory dishes suggested on this page are guaranteed to do both.

All spoon measurements are level.

SALMON-AND-PRAWN ASPIC SALAD

One and a half cups peas, 1 tin salmon (or any fish cutlets), 1 cup shelled prawns, 3 tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 2 cups hot water, 1 teaspoon vegetable extract, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt to taste, strips of parboiled red pepper, 1 teaspoon scraped or grated onion, stuffed hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, cress, radish roses, celery curls, mayonnaise, few whole prawns.

Cook peas, drain salmon and flake (removing skin and bones). Chop prawns. Soften gelatine in cold water, add hot water, stir until dissolved. Add vegetable extract, sauce, lemon juice, salt, onion. Allow to become quite cold. Set a very thin layer in base of wetted ring-tin. Arrange pattern of red pepper strips, prawns, salmon pieces, and some of the peas. Add a little more jelly and allow to set. Continue pattern up sides of mould, add remaining peas and more jelly; allow to set. Add balance of salmon and prawns and jelly; chill until quite firm. Unmould on to lettuce leaves, garnish platter with stuffed eggs, radish roses, cress, celery curls, and whole prawns. Serve mayonnaise separately.

STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM ROYALE

Six circles day-old sponge or butter cake, strawberry jelly, chopped strawberries, ice-cream, cream or substitute, strawberry syrup (if available), strawberries and mint leaves to decorate.

Set strawberry jelly and chopped strawberries in small, wetted ramekin dishes. When set, unmould on to circles of cake in serving-dishes. Place scoop of ice-cream on top of each, pour over cream and strawberry syrup. Decorate with mint leaves and whole strawberries.

Note: Any diced tinned fruit, pineapple, sliced banana, or cooked cherries may be used in place of the strawberries. Choose a jelly to match the fruit used. Remember, pineapple must be cooked before using because raw pineapple prevents jelly setting.

ALMOND MARSHMALLOW IN CHOCOLATE BISCUIT-CASE

Half-pound plain biscuits, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½lb. solid type shortening, 3 teaspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, pinch salt, 3 egg-whites, ¼ cup sugar, 2oz. blanched almonds put through a ricer or food mill (or 1-3rd cup almond meal), ½ teaspoon almond essence, few drops green coloring, split toasted almonds.

Roll biscuits to fine crumbs, place in bowl with sifted cocoa. Pour in melted shortening (avoid overheating), add vanilla, and mix well. Press into greased 8in. tart-plate, covering sides and base evenly. Allow to set. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water, allow to cool. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar, and beat until dissolved. Add almond essence, then fold in dissolved gelatine. Take out 1-3rd of the mixture, mix with the ground almonds, and pour into base of chocolate biscuit-case. Color balance of meringue pale green and pile roughly on top. Decorate with toasted almonds, chill until set.



HERE ARE DISHES specially planned to give a lift to spring menus and make the family feel that meals are a fresh adventure. Salmon-and-prawn aspic salad and strawberry ice-cream Royale look very expensive, but the recipes suggest less costly ingredients which may be substituted. Almond marshmallow in chocolate biscuit-case is a smooth, delicious cold sweet for the warm days ahead.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 869.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK WITH MATCHING PANTIES
A pretty dress cut out ready to make, featuring a full skirt, pocket, and waist tie. The material is floral haircord in shades of lemon, pink, blue, rose, on white grounds, with a collar in white organdie. Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., price 14/9, panties 3/11; length 19in., 3yrs., price 15/6, panties 4/3; length 20in., 4yrs., price 16/6, panties 4/11; length 23in., 5-6yrs., price 17/6, panties 5/3.

No. 867.—SUPPER CLOTH WITH MATCHING SERVIETTES
This pretty set is traced ready to embroider on cream and white Irish linen. Cloth measurements: 36in. x 36in., price 15/11; 54in. x 54in. (white only), price 37/11. Serviettes measurement: 11in. x 11in., price 1/6.

No. 866.—BOY'S SUIT
A tailored two-piece suit. The garment is cut out ready to make in British headcloth in shades of lemon, natural, green, saxe-blue, and white. Separate colors can be ordered for pants and shirt. Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., price 8/9; length 19in., 3yrs., price 9/3; length 20in., 4yrs., price 10/3; length 23in., 5-6yrs., price 11/6.

No. 868.—DUCHESSE SET
Floral duchesse set is available traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen, sheer linen in pastel shades of pink, blue, lemon, and white, and British cotton in shades of green, pink, blue, and lemon. Centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., and the smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Lace to finish not supplied. Price: Linen, complete set, 7/11; cotton, complete set, 5/6.

● *When ordering Needlework Notions please make a second color choice. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. C.O.D. orders not accepted.*



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